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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

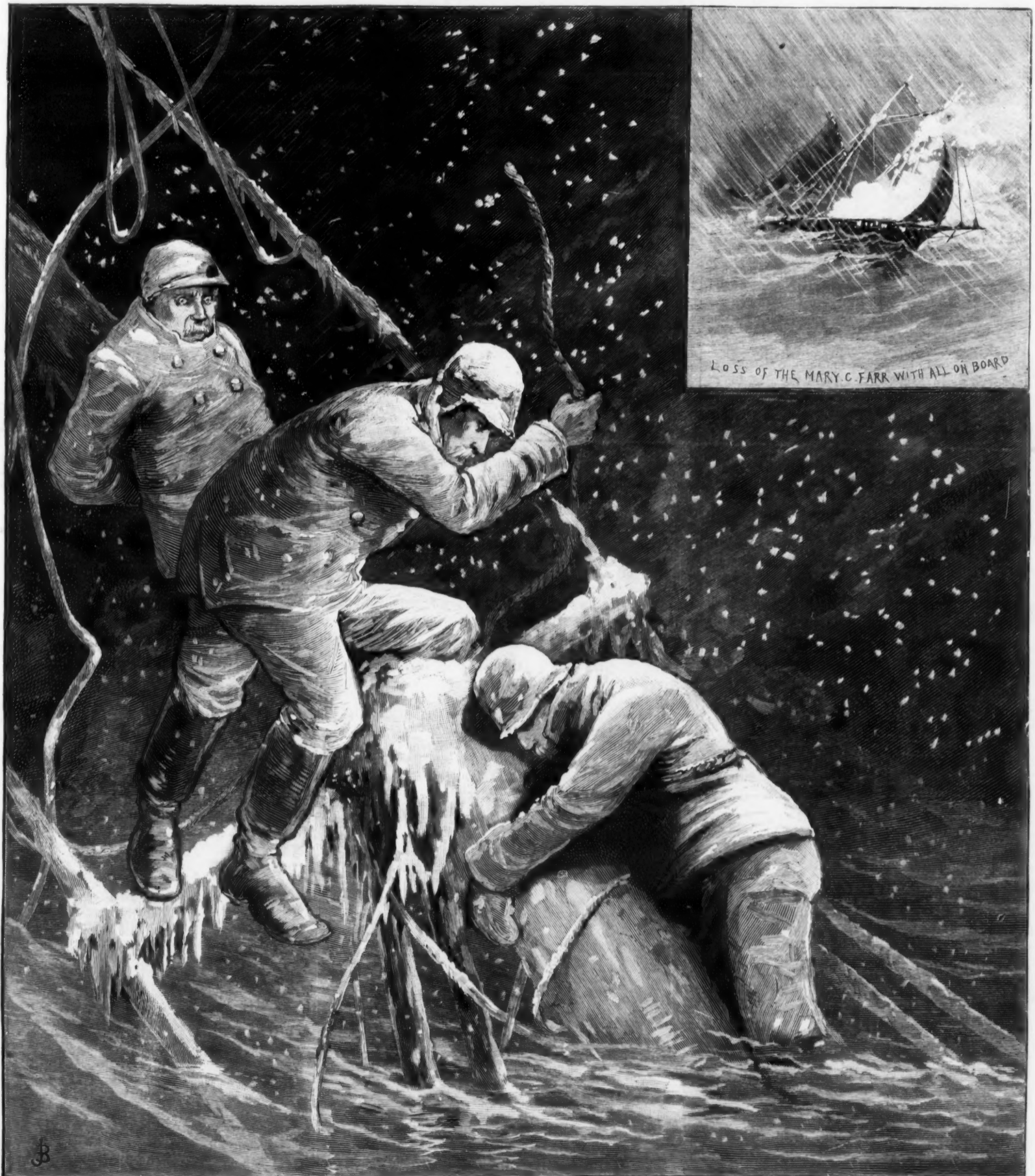


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MASSACHUSETTS.—THE RECENT DISASTROUS STORMS ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST—THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF THE CREW OF THE SCHOONER "JULIET," WRECKED IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY, JANUARY 9TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES ANDERSON.—SEE PAGE 371.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1886.

THE OHIO ELECTION MATTER.

THE Ohio House of Representatives has disposed of the election fraud matter which has agitated the State since October. Having the constitutional power to judge of the qualifications of its own members, it has used it promptly, and within one week it has unseated nine Democratic members returned from Hamilton County, and sworn in nine Republicans. Its action was as summary and unsparing as that of a court-martial in war time. A report from the Committee of Privileges and Elections was submitted; a resolution providing for further investigation was laid on the table; all debate was suppressed by the previous question; the resolution to unseat was passed; the nine Republicans were standing ready, and on the call of the Speaker marched to the desk and were made lawful members of the House. All this was done by due Parliamentary rule and method, but amidst the shouts of the ruling party and the hisses and curses of the other; while the crowd of spectators, male and female, waved hats and handkerchiefs, and made a general uproar. And when all was over, one of the ousted Democrats publicly said, "Now that the fight is done, I will say that I was not elected, nor were any of the Hamilton County Democratic candidates."

Every step of this Ohio case has furnished a warning of the dangers to which our political system is exposed from the virulence and passion of unscrupulous partisanship. A United States Senator was to be elected. It was known that the Legislature must be close, and it was determined to foist nine candidates upon the House of Representatives whom the returns did not show to have been elected. This was done so boldly and deliberately as to excite public indignation, and a committee of one hundred citizens was organized, with ample funds, to defeat the scheme in the courts. They applied to the Circuit Court for an injunction to stay the action of the election officers, and obtained it. They sought a mandamus to compel these officers to correct palpable irregularities and alterations in the returns, and it was granted. This court consisted of three Republican judges. But an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, consisting of two Democrats and one Republican, and the decision of the court below was reversed—the Republican judge vigorously dissenting. The old question of the power to go behind the returns, so easy to determine according to party views, reappeared, with the usual result. Thus nine men, not really elected, appeared with their certificates and demanded seats in the Legislative body. But at the doors of that body the power of the courts ceased. By the Constitution of the United States, and of most if not all of the States, the law-making body has supreme control of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its members. The power is absolute and without appeal. In this Ohio case it needed no debate. The whole matter had been discussed for months before the tribunal of the people, and the decision was in the hands of the representatives of the people. It was a mere question of political preponderance in the body itself. The Republicans had the majority; the proofs submitted to their committee were regarded as complete, and they ousted the Democrats and admitted the Republicans, merely providing in the resolution that the unseated men shall "have a full and ample hearing on the merits." It is manifest that if the political majority had been the other way, the contrary result would have been reached, and it may well be believed that if the Supreme Court had been wholly Republican the decision of the Republican Circuit Court would have been sustained.

The final result in this case was probably just, and in accordance with the actual will of the people as expressed at the polls; but the lesson the whole matter teaches is none the less important, and the warning it furnishes of danger to our system of popular government is none the less serious. It shows that, in spite of constitutions and laws, it may be in the power of a few adroit knaves, of one party or the other, to manipulate at their pleasure the machinery of elections in our large cities, and to substitute their own tools for the true representatives of the people; that, in other words, fraud or perjury, acting through the ballot-box, may absolutely disfranchise the majority and make the Government the abject creature of a revolutionary minority. This is a peril against which we should seek protection as from a pestilence. If the hackneyed phrase, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," has any significance for us, it should be in its application to the universal duty to secure at all cost, and everywhere, "a free vote and an honest count."

WAR ON THE LAND-GRABBERS.

LAND COMMISSIONER SPARKS may be an irascible, obstinate man, and he may make mistakes; but he is apparently honest, and it is clear that he is carrying on the greatest fight that this Administration has undertaken, in his attempts to protect the public domain from corporations and speculators. No Land

Commissioner has ever aroused such a powerful opposition, although Mr. Schurz drew upon himself a storm of abuse for his defense of Western lands against timber-thieves. General Sparks has declared that land grants claimed by the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona, and by the Northern Pacific between Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma, in Washington Territory, are forfeited, because the grants have, in fact, no legal sanction. He has also undertaken to break up individual frauds in the patenting of land claims through pretended compliance with the Homestead and Pre-emption Laws. He has a rare chance to do a good and great work. A Dakota woman writes that all the 400 quarter-sections within a radius of five miles from her home have been fraudulently gobbled by speculators. Mr. Holman says that he rode thirty miles in Dakota without seeing a house, and yet learned that every acre had been taken up, theoretically, by "actual settlers." Of course some inconvenience has been caused by General Sparks's action in suspending patents, and the powerful railroad companies are trying to make the most of individual complaints to help their cause. Through their attorneys and agents, they have practically controlled the Land Office in the past, and even now they are said to possess inside means of information by their ability to "influence" clerks. But General Sparks is not to be "influenced," and he is backed by an equally obstinate President. This seems to be an honest fight to preserve public lands for actual settlers, and General Sparks will have the sympathy and support of every journal which is not biased by partisanship or corporation influences, and of all fair-minded people everywhere.

THE RE-ELECTION OF SENATOR SHERMAN.

THE re-election of Senator Sherman by the unanimous vote of the Republican members of the Ohio Legislature is an event of national interest. This makes the fifth time that Mr. Sherman has been chosen by his State one of its two representatives in the United States Senate for the full Senatorial term of six years. John Sherman has now been thirty-two years in public life, twenty-two of which he has passed in the Senate. He served six years in the House of Representatives, having first taken his seat in that body in 1855. In January, 1860, he received his strict party vote on thirty-nine ballots for Speaker, approaching several times within one vote of an election. His withdrawal from the contest when it became possible to elect Mr. Pennington, and thus prevent the election of a slaveholder, made him chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, in which position he first made known to the country his solid financial abilities. In fact, the Speakership contest, in which the endorsement of an anti-slavery book—Helper's "Impending Crisis"—was the deciding factor, made Mr. Sherman a national man, and the consequence of the contest was his prompt election by his State to the Senate. In that body he has occupied a seat since March 4th, 1861, except for the four years from March 7th, 1877, during which he filled the responsible post of Secretary of the Treasury.

The public estimate of the distinguished Ohio Senator is largely determined by the political standpoint from which his career is viewed. He is a strict and consistent party man, the soundness of his Republicanism never having been called in question. He is not a favorite with his political opponents, partly, doubtless, because of his robust and uncompromising partisanship. But business and financial men with quite general unanimity affirm that as Minister of Finance, during a critical period, he displayed both financial and executive abilities of the very highest order. The successful resumption of specie payments, and the re-funding of the public debt at a reduced rate of interest, are monuments to the honor of Secretary Sherman as enduring as the public credit whose foundations he built on the indestructible rocks of honesty and good faith. The fitness and availability of such an eminent financier and practical statesman for the Presidency will now probably engage the attention of the politicians still more keenly than in the last two national campaigns.

MIXED MOTIVES OF SUICIDE.

THE new year does not begin as well as it might. There may be truth in the finding of the statistician that crime is gradually diminishing in the world, and of the political economist that the physical condition of man is improving every year, and all the accessories of human happiness increasing. But the change for the better is so slow as to be quite imperceptible. There seem to have been in January as many murders as usual, and the suicides have been uncommonly frequent and varied in the causes that led to them.

Love and lucre have in some way been the source of most of the self-destruction of the month, and whisky has been mixed up with more than half of the cases. At least two deaths have been recorded which might be classified as "benevolent suicides": an engineer was killed while standing to his post trying to save his train, and a man was drowned while trying to save a friend who had fallen overboard. Mixed motives led to these acts of self-renunciation, and the controversy about these may safely go on as long as it is agreed that the tendency of such sacrifice is to promote the welfare of the race. One poor sinner stabbed himself to death in prayer-meeting because he could not shake off a besetting vice. A cele-

brated civil engineer took his life with a pistol in a fit of misanthropy. A prominent manufacturer of Newark hanged himself to a tree on Orange Mountain, and, when found, his body was frozen stiff. Cause: fear of poverty. A well-known and much-admired society lady of St. Louis, having formed an illicit attachment and alliance, poisoned herself because it could not be legalized.

The case of Rev. Henry D. Jardine, of Kansas City, is so unusual as to be quite grotesque. He was the rector of St. Mary's Church, and very ritualistic in his practices. He established a confessional, and even attached to it a correctional. One of his parishioners, a lady, averred that she confessed her sins to him, and that he thereupon proceeded to administer corporal punishment with the palm of his heavy hand. She objected to that variety of penance, and told her husband. He brought charges in the Ecclesiastical Court, and Jardine was declared "immoral" and suspended from his functions. He appealed, failed to get a rehearing, fled to St. Louis, and there on Sunday week committed suicide in the vestry of a friend's church. He declared he was "hounded to death."

Two husbands, while intoxicated, have within the month taken strychnine in their wives' presence, and three young men have hurried themselves out of this world because they could not obtain undisputed and permanent possession of their neighbors' wives. A Danish farmer hanged himself because he fell among Chicago thieves, and a Hebrew pawnbroker in Schenectady shot himself fatally because the students of Union College would not pay him for the clothing he had cleaned for them. A young lady in Canada drowned herself, and bequeathed to the world the reason of the rash act: she was melancholy and disappointed because she never had a beau! One Jules Stuard died voluntarily because he was "sick and tired of the unnecessary struggle with the material cares of life"; and Frederick Schluter, in his wife's presence, took strychnine in a New York boarding-house, when he had been married three months, for reasons which she alone can conjecture.

One fact is prominent in all these affairs: the suicide is, in three cases out of four, not a native, but an adopted citizen. In a majority of instances, too, extreme poverty is the immediate occasion of the deed, even where something else is the inciting cause. Thousands resolve on suicide whom the certainty of a good dinner every day for the next month would keep alive indefinitely.

THE FLOOD OF BILLS IN CONGRESS.

EVERY day's session of Congress involves a heavy expense to the taxpayers of this country. They, therefore, have a right to ask how Congress employs its time, and what it has done. Well, the House and Senate have elected presiding officers, and the House Committees have been made up. But these are mere preliminaries. What has been really accomplished? Absolutely nothing except the introduction of about 4,000 Bills. Of these not more than 500 relate to measures of general importance. Nearly all the remainder are merely private or semi-private Bills, of which the larger number are backed by jobbers or cranks. Thus all that the majority of Congressmen have done since the first Monday in December is to further some scheme for extracting money from the treasury. In addition to the vast array of private claims, there are Bills involving appropriations for public buildings throughout the country, for subsidies, additional pensions, Mississippi and other river and harbor improvements, ordnance and coast defenses and postal telegraphy, to say nothing of the appropriations advocated and needed for a new navy. Illinois lobbyists are pushing the Hennepin Canal scheme, and hoping for the co-operation of Eastern friends of the Erie and Maryland Canals. Should all these Bills pass, scarcely a village would be without a Government building, and no humble creek would be safe from the invasion of Government engineers and dredges. Such Congressional activity as this is worse than a costly waste of time. It is an attempt at wholesale robbery.

During the fifty years from the organization of our Government to the Twenty-fifth Congress, only 8,777 Bills and Joint Resolutions were introduced in the House. In the Forty-seventh Congress alone there were 10,704, and in the Forty-eighth there were 8,637. To illustrate the utter uselessness of this craze for introducing Bills, it may be said that this increase has been accompanied by a corresponding decrease in the percentage of successful measures. This percentage, which was thirty-one in the Thirty-eighth Congress, dwindled to four and one-half in the Forty-sixth. Of 11,441 Bills introduced in both Senate and House in the Forty-eighth Congress, only 966, or eight per cent., were successful. Of this number, 682 were private claims, some proper enough, but probably none worth the time and attention bestowed upon them by Congress. For the single item of printing private Bills each Congress spends \$75,000. No wonder that a Representative, watching the flood of Bills, recently said: "There ought to be a bin before the Clerk's desk to receive the Bills, and the bottom of the bin should be connected by a chute with the sewer under the Capitol."

Now, Congressmen are not elected to fool away their time and the public money in the introduction and advocacy of unimportant measures. There are measures of real national importance which demand their attention.

Here is the silver question, upon which the people of the country are anxiously awaiting a decision. From Maine to California a universal interest is felt in the action of our legislators regarding silver, and yet when we look to those legislators for action we find them introducing Bills for a five-dollar-a-month pension for Smith, for the improvement of Skowhegan Creek, or for a custom-house building at Oshkosh. Now, we grant that Smith may deserve his five-dollar pension, but we do not grant the right of Congress to spend \$50,000 worth of time over it. It is worse than folly to delay public business by the introduction of petty private Bills, when only some eight out of every hundred can be passed. These private Bills ought not to come before Congress at all.

SOME BUSINESS TOPICS.

ONE unfavorable feature of the present business situation is the tendency towards higher rates for foreign exchange, which threatens an important export of specie to Europe. Another is the uncertainty concerning the action of Congress on the silver question. Straws show which way the wind blows, and it is significant that merchants are beginning to stipulate that merchandise shall be paid for in gold; such a specification was made in the coffee trade only a few days ago. Until this question is definitely settled the business interests of this country are likely to suffer. If Congress is wise it will come to a speedy decision, to the end that the incubus now resting upon our commerce may be removed.

Money is easier than recently, owing to the usual liberal disbursements of interest in January. The "bull" party control the stock market, but the cutting of rates by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has introduced a new element of discord in the railroad situation, and the general public is becoming shy of Wall Street ventures. The coal trade, which was recently depressed by reason of unseasonably warm weather, has latterly brightened up somewhat, owing to the severe cold. The prospects point to a late Winter, and the coal trade will, of course, be correspondingly benefited. The iron and steel trades are not in an unsatisfactory condition. There is a moderate business in general manufactures. The cotton exports are not so liberal as could be desired, and speculators in New York and Chicago still keep the price of wheat so high that the exports to foreign countries are small. Our annual yield of wheat is so large that a foreign outlet is absolutely necessary; but for two years past we have unquestionably suffered severely from the competition of India. England is no longer dependent on the United States for the bulk of her wheat supply; she is no longer an eager buyer in New York, Baltimore, and other American markets. She buys largely in Calcutta, Bombay and Kurrachee, especially as she is favored by a decline in silver. The wheat exports from East Indian marts have thus increased nearly four hundred per cent. within five years, while our own exports have decreased nearly one-half. This is not a pleasant reflection. With the silver question settled and the present speculation in wheat at Chicago thoroughly broken up, we may see a revival of our export grain trade. One firm of brokers in the great gambling centre of the West sold fully four million bushels of wheat in one day recently; and when all the big speculators there have ceased to kick against the pricks, ceased to defy the natural laws of trade, the commerce of the country will have a better chance to adjust itself to existing conditions in the trading world.

A BUCKEYE SOCIETY IN NEW YORK.

A BUCKEYE CLUB or association, composed of the natives and former residents of the State of Ohio, have formed themselves into a social organization to be known as the Ohio Society of New York. This action has significance because it is the first instance where identification with a particular State is made the basis of association, the New England Society embracing the sons of six Eastern States. The Ohio Society will doubtless in time be followed by a Pennsylvania State Society, a Virginia Society, and associations made up of the former citizens of various other States. Fortunately for Ohio, that State has a wealth and an abundance of representatives gathered in New York, that can scarcely be surpassed by any of the other States of the Union. Enrolled among the Ohio Club membership are such prominent lawyers as General Thomas Ewing, who has been chosen its President, Algeron S. Sullivan, General Wager Swaine, General Henry L. Burnett, General Anson G. McCook and Colonel Charles W. Moulton; such distinguished artists as J. Q. A. Ward, James H. and William H. Beard; such active journalists as Whitelaw Reid, Bernard Peters, John A. Cockerill, James Q. Howard and William Henry Smith, with many business men of the standing of H. J. Jewett, Calvin S. Brice, A. D. Julliard, W. L. Strong, William S. Hawk, Henry E. Abbey and S. B. Elkins.

The objects of this Society seem to be social and literary. It is organized not so much for amusement as for improvement. Feasting the belly is not thought so profitable as feasting the mind. Hence the collection and preservation of historical facts and valuable data relating to the history, art and literature of Ohio will be among the duties imposed by this Society upon itself. In taking a proper pride in the State of their nativity or past adoption, Ohioans want to know precisely what there is in that State's record and history to be proud of. Ohio has been making history with some rapidity in these later, no less than in the earlier, years, and these Buckeyes want the world to clearly comprehend what their pioneers and people, their soldiers and statesmen, orators and educators, artists and men of letters, have done for their State, for the Republic and mankind. There is no reason why such stimulating State organizations should not be encouraged. Properly conducted upon the plan of this Ohio Society, they may be made important factors in the life of the metropolis, as well as valuable contributors to the formation of sound national opinion as to all social and literary interests.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE British Parliament reassembled last week. The only notable incidents of the meeting were the hearty reception given to Mr. Gladstone in the Commons, and the administration of the oath to Mr. Bradlaugh, whose admission has heretofore been stubbornly opposed. The Speaker held that he had no power to prevent the taking of the oath, and it is believed that the Government will quietly acquiesce in the situation as it stands. The presentation of the Queen's Speech having been deferred until the House was fully constituted, this week, the attitude of the Government as to the Irish and other questions is not yet clearly outlined; but it seems to be certain that no satisfactory proposals will be made as to Home Rule, and that an early demonstration will be made by the friends of that principle against the Salisbury Ministry. It is said that the Government will introduce a Bill abolishing the Viceroyalty of Ireland, but this, of course, will not, and ought not to, satisfy the Parnellites. Mr. Gladstone's plan of campaign is now reported to have received the approval of all the Liberal leaders, and he appears to be well equipped for an offensive contest.

The Message of President Grévy to the French Congress urges a union of the Left in order to accomplish important necessary reforms and secure a stable government. The President has signed a decree granting amnesty to persons convicted of political offenses since 1870, and reducing the sentences of many offenders against the common law. M. Paul Bert has been appointed Minister Resident of France at the capital of Anam.

While hostilities remain suspended in the snow-clad Balkans, negotiation and intrigue occupy the attention of the states in dispute. Prince Alexander appears to have reached an understanding with the Porte, the latter recognizing the Bulgarian union on the condition that Turkey shall continue to receive her tribute-money and maintain her customs rights; that she shall have the allegiance of the Bulgarian army in the event of a war with Serbia or Greece, and that Prince Alexander shall go to Stambul to be invested with the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia. The war contingency alluded to is not wholly remote. The Greeks, who have been extensively preparing for war, have again broken out in threatening clamors for an extension of territory, and the Government is charged with having made overtures to both Serbia and Montenegro, looking towards an alliance against the Porte and Bulgaria. The Great Powers are for the disarming of the belligerent states, and have warned Greece that should she precipitate renewed hostilities it will be at her own risk.

Arrests of persons suspected of complicity in the late abortive revolutionist demonstration at Carthage continue in various parts of Spain. The rebels arrested at the scene of the uprising are endeavoring to fix the responsibility upon Zorilla, claiming that his secretary was engaged in the plot to seize Fort St. Julian. The great agitator went to Spain recently, presumably upon no pacific errand; but his supporters strenuously deny the report of his connection with the *fasc* in the south.

THE House of Representatives has promptly passed the Senate Bill to regulate the Presidential succession, and it will now go to the President for approval. While the measure is, no doubt, imperfect, it will at least put an end to all doubt and uncertainty as to a matter of supreme national concern. It averts the possibility of complications which might seriously endanger the public tranquility, and if the method by which this result is reached is in some respects unsatisfactory, modifications suggested by experience will be at all times within the reach of the National Legislature.

SOME of the injudicious friends of Speaker Carlisle are already "grooming" that excellent gentleman as a Presidential "dark horse" for 1888, and there are some indications that he is not altogether unfriendly to the process. It is even hinted that he made up the House Committees with a view of strengthening himself as a possible candidate; but this accusation is scarcely warranted by the real facts of the case. The Presidential bee may be buzzing in his bonnet, but Mr. Carlisle is an upright, conscientious man, and would scarcely subordinate the interests of the public service to any mere personal aims.

It doesn't look as if the Republicans of the Senate are disposed to carry out the wishes of the partisan Republican Press in their treatment of President Cleveland's nominations. So far, every nomination against which no protest on the score of character or fitness had been entered has been confirmed when taken up for consideration, and the indications are that this course will be pursued as to all other nominations still upon the calendar. Last week over 150 postmasters were confirmed, and a large number of consular and diplomatic appointments, and numerous nominations under the Interior and Treasury Departments and the Department of Justice, were also favorably acted upon.

It is definitely announced that Mr. Morrison is about to begin the preparation of a Tariff Bill, and that he will force it to a vote at whatever hazard to his party. The Washington Post says there are between 150 and 160 Democrats who will support any Bill which the Ways and Means Committee may report, and 135 Republicans who will take the opposite course. This will leave the balance of power in the hands of something like 25 Democrats and 8 or 10 Republicans. Whether these will vote as they did on Mr. Morrison's horizontal Bill in 1884 is uncertain; it can only be said that should they do so, no Bill reflecting the Morrison ideas can be passed at the present session. It would, however, be possible, as many believe, to pass a measure simply reducing the tariff upon lumber, sugar and salt; but such an Act will not satisfy the radical "tariff reformers," and is not likely, therefore, to be seriously proposed.

LAW-ABIDING citizens of Boston, whether church members or not—for, by the case in point, it was clearly shown that all church members, or even all clergymen, are not law-abiding—will be gratified at the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in the case of the Rev. William F. Davis, who was arrested for preaching on the Common. Now this Common, in the eye of the Bostonians, is as sacred in its way as the Old South Meeting-house—only its uses are different. By a city ordinance it is a misdemeanor to preach, or make a speech, or in any way attract and hold a crowd on the Common without a permit. Mr. Davis preached on the Common last Summer without a permit, and was very properly arrested. The case was dismissed, however, with a warning that the offense should not be repeated. In the face of this experience, and without any further possibility of interposing a plea of ignorance in extenuation or mitigation, Mr. Davis preached, or tried to preach, again on the Common, and was re-arrested. After his trial the case was appealed, and the defendant's exceptions against the alleged unconstitutionality of the prohibitory ordinance have been overruled by the Supreme Court.

Mr. Davis will now have to suffer such penalty as the ordinance prescribes, whether of fine or imprisonment, or both. Whatever good might possibly be accomplished by such out-of-door preaching as that of Mr. Davis and others like him is certainly more than counterbalanced by the evil example of a pretended teacher of morals and religion placing himself in an attitude of open defiance to the law. The affirmation by the highest State court of Boston's right to protect its Common and its citizens from such a demoralizing spectacle is good law and good sense.

INCINERATION of the bodies of the dead in place of burial is very quietly, but with certain and appreciable progress, winning its way against old-time and deep-rooted prejudice. The exceedingly animated, frequently acrimonious, discussion of the comparative merits of the two methods, which occupied much space in the Press in 1873, and a correspondingly large share of public attention, could scarcely be duplicated to-day. Nor with the practical workings of the crematory, which have now become so familiar as to excite but slight interest, would it be possible to reawaken general interest to the degree produced by the burning of the body of the Baron de Palm. To the list of crematories in more or less frequent operation in Washington, Pa., on Long Island and in Buffalo, must be added another just completed in Pittsburgh—a place already familiar to a literally infernal degree with almost every other kind of a furnace. Other crematories are in process of construction, or are projected, in various parts of the country, and, at the present rate, it looks as though the hotly discussed problem—"To bury or to burn"—is in a fair way to settle itself.

GERMANY was made audacious and self-asserting by the outcome of her war with France, until she seems inclined to interfere in all quarters of the globe. The seizure of the Islands of Samoa, about half way between San Francisco and Australia, is the latest outrage reported. As both England and the United States have the same rights there as Germany, under a treaty to which the three nations are parties, it is tolerably certain that the German flag will not be permitted to float in sovereignty over those tropical isles of spice. The British and American consuls are favorable to King Malietoa, and desire to perpetuate his inefficient reign, while German interests are allied with those of Tomasee, the King's insubordinate cousin. The seizure of the islands by the German commander is made, no doubt, in furtherance of the German policy to establish the latter in power, although Bismarck declares that permanent occupation is not intended. The islands, which are eight in number, have a constitutional form of government, and contain an aggregate of 35,000 inhabitants. The dot in the ocean is scarcely worth stealing, but the United States could make it valuable as a mid-Pacific naval station—if they had a navy.

ALL of the true friends of Senator Payne of Ohio will read with regret the charges made against him by Colonel Donovan. In a letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, this gentleman mentions by name seventeen members of the Ohio Legislature who, he alleges, were bribed to vote for Senator Payne in sums ranging from \$1,200 to \$5,000 each. Such an allegation is not by any means to be accepted as true upon its face, but on the other hand it cannot be altogether ignored. We are sorry, therefore, to see the statement that the Senator attempts to whistle the charges down as "beneath his notice." Nothing can be beneath a man's notice which affects his honor, and only an immediate and searching investigation can now fully establish the integrity of Senator Payne and of his managers in the Senatorial canvass. He should insist upon a thorough inquiry by the high body of which he has become a member, and he should simultaneously prosecute Colonel Donovan, who is a responsible man, and the Cincinnati newspaper which published the charges, for calumny, attacking them for both civil and criminal libel. This attitude, maintained to the end, will always rescue an innocent man from defamation; but an affectation of indifference and contempt will by no means avail with the public.

THE inaugural address of Governor Foraker of Ohio deals in a straightforward way with several questions of practical interest. Very naturally and appropriately he gives prominence to the subject of outrages upon the ballot, and enforces with great emphasis the necessity of throwing additional safeguards around the elective franchise. The great State of Ohio, he says, cannot afford to submit any longer to the reign of falsehood, fraud and forgery. He recommends that a new registration law, applicable to the larger cities, be passed at once, and also that legislation be had under which upright men may be secured as judges and clerks of election; appointment of such officers to be made by a non-partisan board of election supervisors. The Governor also discusses the subject of municipal misrule, and suggests that such changes be made in existing laws as will impose upon the Mayors of cities, who are their proper official heads, the duty of appointing the various boards it may be necessary to continue, as is now done in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and some other places. As to the liquor traffic, Governor Foraker speaks very explicitly. He recommends the re-enactment of the Scott Law, with the omission of the feature which the Supreme Court declared to be unconstitutional, and he shows so clearly the benefits of such a measure that it can scarcely be supposed the Legislature will venture to reject it.

"OPERA sung by Americans" is an accomplished fact. Not only is the opera sung by the native forces who now hold that musical citadel, the New York Academy of Music, but it is also conducted, acted, dressed, danced and mounted by home talent. In other words, the bold and comprehensive art project which owed its origin to Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, has finally been brought to realization by that accomplished and energetic lady. It is true that there are a great many foreign-sounding names on the list of artists, some of whom were not, indeed, born on this side of the Atlantic. None the less is it a fact that the enterprise has been organized entirely by American skill and equipped by American musical culture, and that the works which it presents are given through the medium of the English language alone. Failure in such an attempt would have been honorable; the substantial success already assured it is a triumph. The two representative works of opposite schools which have thus far been performed have given more than satisfaction to an expectant and critical public. "The Taming of the Shrew" exhibited the new company's resources and ensemble—orchestra, chorus and ballet—to such good advantage, that its stock went up to a high figure at the first bound. "Orpheus and Eurydice" revealed at least one dramatic singer of the highest order, besides arousing enthusiasm by one of the most superb stage pictures ever produced on the operatic stage in this city. From such beginnings it is easy to predict success, not only for a season, but straight on to the time when opera will not only be sung, but also written and composed, by Americans.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



THE BULGARO-SERVIAN ARMISTICE.—A BULGARIAN ENCAMPMENT ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE PIROT.



FRANCE.—GENERAL BOULANGER, NEW MINISTER OF WAR.



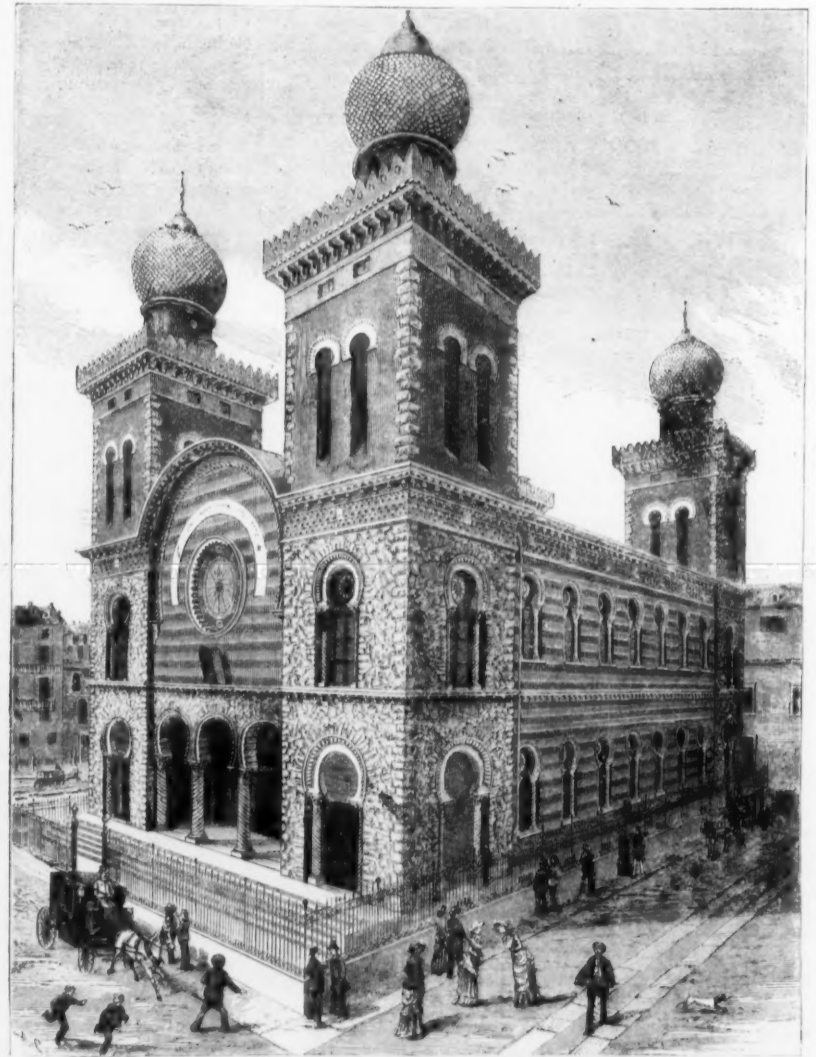
SWITZERLAND.—THE RAILWAY UP MOUNT RIGLI.



SERVIA.—KNIGHTS OF MALTA WITH THE WOUNDED IN A HOSPITAL-TRAIN.



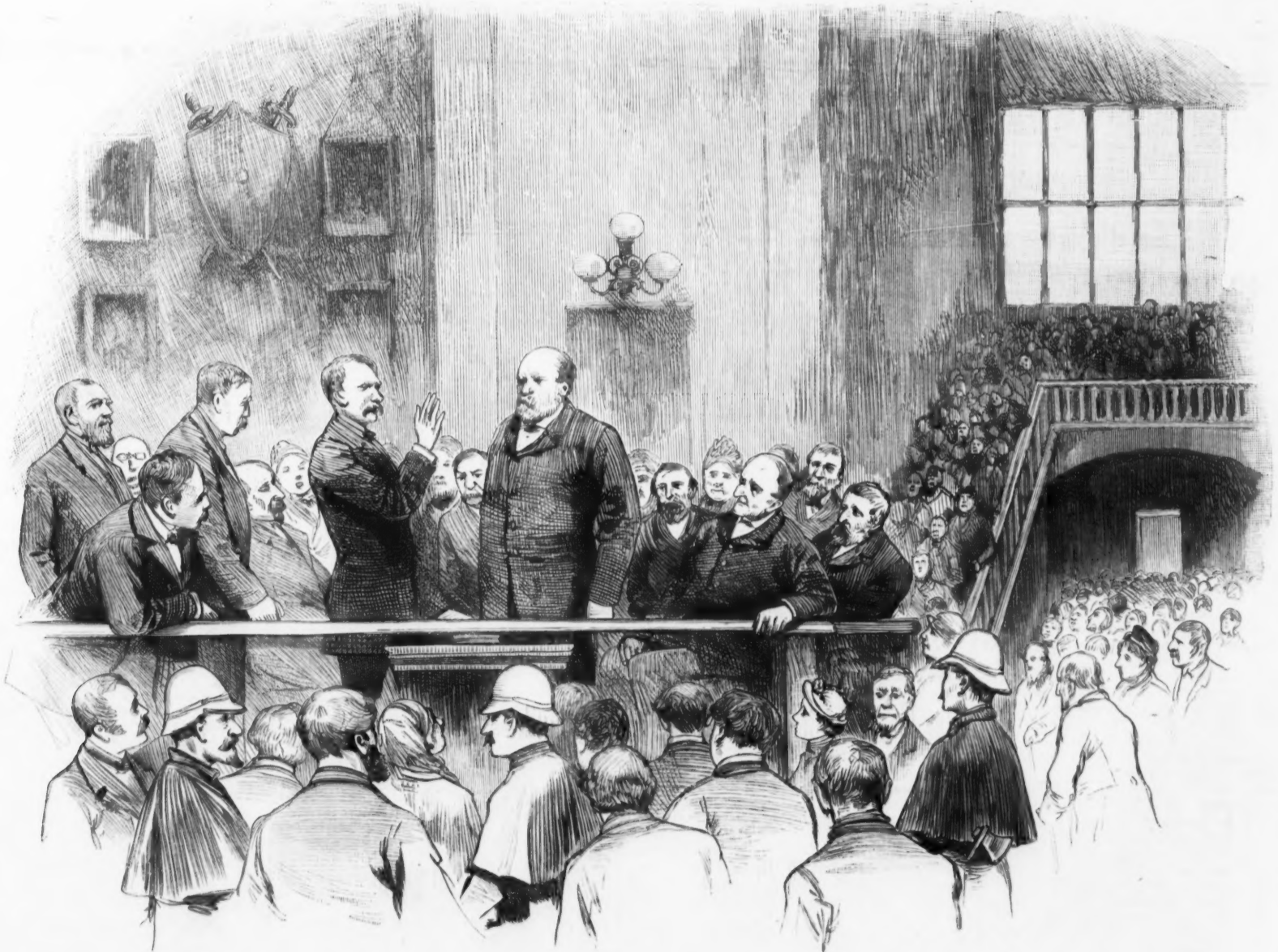
AFRICA.—THE TAILORS' BAZAAR IN THE CITY OF TUNIS.



ITALY.—THE NEW HEBREW TEMPLE IN TURIN.



THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION PASSING ALONG HIGH STREET.



THE GOVERNOR-ELECT TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.

OHIO.—INAUGURATION OF HON. JOSEPH B. FORAKER AS GOVERNOR OF THE STATE, AT COLUMBUS, JANUARY 11TH
FROM SKETCHES BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 374.

FROM THE SHORE.

THE schooner had lain at anchor
Idly for many an hour,
When she suddenly, like a lily,
Burst into flower.

Leaf after leaf of her canvas
Unfolded to the gale,
Till on every spar, white gleaming,
Was set a sail.

And then, full-blown, she floated
Out on the broad fresh lake,
With a crest at her bow for ever
Ready to break.

But what did the sailor, troling
His measured "Yo, he, ho!"
As he made the bare masts blossom,
Think, care, or know,

That a woman watched the furthest
Snow gleam against the sky,
With a pitiful heart-sinking,
And tear-filled eye,

At the memory of a sailor
Who, long, long years before,
Had left her waiting and widowed,
To come no more!

THE RIVAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"I AM sure all my customers will go to him, Katie! His store will be bigger and better than mine, and perhaps cheaper, too! Of course my trade will be ruined!" cried the little Widow Leroy, almost wringing her hands in her dismay as she gazed at a near corner where workmen were busily engaged fitting up the lower portion of a large building for what she had earned was to be a toy-store.

Mrs. Leroy felt her woes were multiplying interminably—a more showy and commodious establishment in competition with her own narrow and stuffed little booth of a place must certainly and disastrously affect her own business—the modest trade which afforded her the only means of an humble maintenance, she reasoned.

"His show-window will be almost as big as my whole place," she continued, in consternation. "My customers with plenty of money will go where they can buy the most attractive articles, of course; and those who have less will quote his cheaper prices and haggle with me until I shall beggar myself or keep all my new holiday stock unsold. He might have selected another neighborhood, where he could have established just as good a business, and without ruining the trade of somebody else, I should think."

"He had a right to locate wherever he preferred, though," said Katie, a dainty rosebud of a girl, who was rather indifferently contemplating the freshly painted and appointed building which ended a long row of lofty tenements.

"I do not dispute his right," Mrs. Leroy answered, pathetically; "but he might have some regard for the rights of others. I have invested my last dollar in my holiday stock, and if I do not sell the goods we shall be in actual want before the winter is over."

"But then, mamma, he was not likely to know that," Katie said, soothingly.

"And if he had known, his conscience wouldn't have troubled him any, I dare say," was the somewhat bitter response. "If he wanted to do what is only just, he would offer to purchase my stock and allow me the profit of which his store will deprive me."

"He might do that yet, if somebody would suggest the matter to him," Katie said, brightly.

"There is nobody who would be willing to suggest anything which would be of advantage to us," Mrs. Leroy sighed, still more bitterly. "And I am sure I should never have courage to go to him myself."

"Well, I have the courage," Miss Katie avowed, with all the spirit of her tender sixteen years. "He can do no worse than refuse; he can't eat me, and I am not afraid of his laughing at me."

"If you really don't mind going, Katie, you will have an excellent opportunity just now," her mother said, but not very encouragingly. "His carriage is just stopping at the corner store, and he may be less occupied now than later."

In an instant Katie had donned hat and wrap, and, with a bright color in her cheeks and a bright light in her pretty eyes, was flitting down and across the street to the corner store.

But she was not destined to interview the proprietor of the rival establishment after all; for she had scarcely gained the opposite pavement, when the carriage started and bowed rapidly away.

"But I dare say he would not have listened to her, anyhow," murmured the mother, who was half-hopefully and half-despondently watching from behind the counter of her tiny store. "And, as I live, the child has met that Davy Blanchard again," she added, with as much of a frown as her fair plump, pleasant features were capable of producing.

Mrs. Leroy was decidedly and emphatically averse to Davy Blanchard. The young fellow was too fond of Katie, and she could not permit Katie's affections to be fixed upon an ordinary mechanic! Her young daughter was pretty enough and good enough to mate with somebody who had the superior qualification of money, at least, she decided, with maternal pride and prudence.

"And I have forbidden her to encourage him in any way," Mrs. Leroy thought, uneasily, as she disapprovingly regarded the two, who seemed very earnestly discussing some interesting topic—Katie with cheeks like damask roses; the young fellow with mastery in his smile and in his attitude of athletic grace.

"Katie! Katie! Catherine!" she called, with as severe an inflection as was possible to her charac-

teristically mild tones, and with a distinctively sharp tap upon the only window-pane accessible among a medley of gilded horns, gorgeously trapped rocking-horses, marvelous sleds and wonderful dolls, and sundry other fantastic and fascinating articles indispensable to holiday traffic.

"Yes, dear mamma," answered Katie, turning readily, and looking charmingly unconscious of any delinquency.

"I am unspeakably grieved, Katie, that you will persist in disobeying me in regard to a young man in every way unworthy your notice," said the mild little mother, mustering an unwonted force of authority and rebuke. "I fear, Katie, you did not care so much about seeing the other gentleman at all—you only wanted a pretext to get out and see Davy Blanchard."

"A pretext!" Katie repeated, with supreme scorn. "I wouldn't condescend to anything so small and cowardly. If I had wanted to see my Davy, I should have said so—and I am not certain I should not have gone, too," she concluded, with a little willful toss of the bonny brown head.

"Oh, Katie, how can you be so headstrong and heartless? How can you make yourself such a trial to me? and when I am in such trouble about the store, and trade, and everything?" complained Mrs. Leroy, seeming ready to sob with an overwhelming sense of her multifold and undeserved afflictions and injuries.

"You are to have no more trouble about the store, mother mine," Katie said, consolingly, and with some compunction, as she bent to caress the bowed head—scarcely less brown and bonny than her own. "Davy thinks he can manage the matter. He is very friendly with the owner of the corner store—they are related somehow—and he says you need not worry. He was just telling me who the gentleman is, when you called me."

"Now, Katie, all that is nonsense," Mrs. Leroy said, with no diminution of displeasure. "An ordinary young man like Davy Blanchard is not likely to have any influence with substantial gentlemen of money; he has only wanted to be plausible; he only wants to obtain my favor in some manner. But his pretenses will never impose upon me, Katie."

"Davy would not attempt to impose upon anybody," Katie protested, indignantly. "And there is no use being so hostile to him, either! I love him, and Davy loves me. We mean to wait for your favor, of course; but all the same, I shall be Davy's own wife some time."

"Oh, how can you be so cruel and unruly?" Mrs. Leroy whispered, helplessly. "Young people were very different when I was a girl. In those days young men did not teach daughters to defy their parents, and young women were always submissive to wise counsel. But times have changed; and I have lived to be made miserable by the disobedience of my only child."

"I should say you are making yourself miserable; and all about nothing, too," Katie replied, just the least bit dryly as she bent and kissed the yet unwrinkled face, all wet with frothy tears. "And here comes a customer," she supplemented, as footfalls sounded on the broad wooden step outside.

Mrs. Leroy arose hurriedly to withdraw her agitated self within their humble apartment beyond the tiny store; but even as she arose a gentleman entered; and she turned her reddened eyes to perceive the proprietor of the rival establishment.

He had not perceived her, however, for the considerate Katie had quietly monopolized his attention at the moment, and neither observed that she had suddenly sunk back upon her chair near a sheltering curtain.

"A matter has just been brought before my notice," he began, without much preliminary courtesy; "a matter which may be incidental to any business venture."

He paused for a second, erect and gray and grim, his visage in profile, and as cold and hard as that of a stone image.

"I have also learned," he resumed, presently, with an abrupt and peculiarly scrutinizing glance towards the girl, "that my nephew has proposed an alliance such as I shall not be inclined to sanction. Davy is too much of a boy to entertain ideas matrimonial just yet; and, besides, as he is to be my heir, I naturally have my own plans for him."

Again there was silence. The icy, stony profile seemed more icy, more stony still; Katie looked greatly surprised, and resentful also; and there was a faintly gasping sound within the sheltering curtain where poor little Mrs. Leroy sat staring as if in a dream.

"I have thought over the whole matter," the gentleman continued, in his slow, level, pitiless accents, and with his scrutinizing gaze still upon Katie, who stood motionless, her sweet eyes drooping, her face crimson from the bonny brown hair to the tip of her dainty chin. "I have thought over the whole matter; and I am willing to be mulcted for damages to trade, I am willing to purchase your place at your own terms—upon the conditions that you remove yourselves as far from Nephew Davy as possible, and that you, miss, will renounce him."

"I will never renounce him," bluntly averred Katie, her eyes uplifted now, and emitting lightning flashes of indignation at what she deemed insulting, insolent and outrageous terms. "I will never renounce Davy; nor will he ever renounce me!"

"You are correct about that," said a calmer but no less indignant voice at the instant, as Davy himself stepped into the room. "I haven't invited myself to be your heir, uncle; in fact, I haven't the smallest desire to inherit a penny of your money. I am satisfied with my independence as a mechanic; and although I shall cheerfully wait a time for your sanction, all the same I shall eventually marry whom I myself have

chosen. All plans otherwise you may have for me will be failures."

At such atrocious sedition, the uncle for a minute could only glare in speechless and wrathful incredulity.

"Times have changed since I was a boy," he growled, at last. "In those days the young men dutifully submitted to the authority and advice of their elders. There were no courting and engagements without consulting parents and guardians. That the later generation has sadly deteriorated is more than apparent."

But what pale ghost was this gliding from a sheltering curtain, confronting him with recollections of a love and betrothal not unlike those which he had just so piously deplored, and belying his retrospection no less than her own of a few brief moments ago?

There was a sound—a rustle, a sigh—and he turned to become conscious of the presence of Mrs. Leroy, whose fair, plump features flushed, and paled to flush again, before his startled sight.

"Were they all so dutiful—the young people—in those old days, William Dayne?" said she, quite ignoring the reminiscence which she had not so long ago inflicted upon willful Katie, whose young lover perhaps had become somewhat less ineligible in her opinion.

"You at least were dutiful, Melinda," the gentleman answered, with a significance which seemed to hurt her.

"Had I disregarded the wishes of my elders, could I have been more miserable, do you think?" said she, meaning only a plea for her young daughter, and utterly disregarding her own counsel of a little while before.

"Were the wishes, then, theirs and not your own?" he questioned, with an expression of curiously commingled reproach, doubt, and almost passionate appeal.

"The wishes were never my own! Oh, I always believed you must have understood that," she answered, with simple candor.

"I believed otherwise, however," he returned, with a sudden odd unsteadiness in his softened accents.

Then both were silent, each soberly regarding the other. Time and place were forgotten; they remembered neither years nor change. Again they were boy and girl together, betrothed lovers despite the feud between their blissfully ignorant elders; again they were living the short sweet dream; again they were agonizing over the estrangement which had embittered both their lives.

And then both suddenly became mindful that there were too amazed and edified young people standing at the other end of the tiny store, and both laughed—the woman faintly, and with the sound of tears, the man heartily and with a keen zest of something quaintly and delightfully ridiculous.

"Is fancy, uncle, the later generation only repeats the follies of the earlier," Davy ventured, audaciously. "But I suppose we must defer this discussion of that theme, as I believe you are here to settle a strictly business matter."

"I suggest we merge the rival establishments in one grand harmonious unity," the elder gentleman said, with a sort of constrained hilarity, which held somehow an undertone of especial gladness for the little woman beside him.

And the suggestion was undoubtedly agreeable to all concerned, for the grand harmonious unity was consummated by a double wedding some time afterwards.

BOYCOTTED.

THE formidable weapon devised by the Irish peasantry as one of the means of fighting landlordism has been taken up by the organized forces of labor on this side of the ocean, and employed in some instances with justice as well as success against the oppressions of monopoly and capital. The "boycott" is sweeping in its effects, and its facility is a dangerous temptation to excess; but day laborers, in actual want, cannot be expected to base their proceedings upon a lofty plane of ethics. The petty tyrant of the shirt-factory, or cigar-shop, or drygoods-store, suddenly finds his subject toilers in a state of orderly revolt, with perhaps the sympathy of the public and the practical support of their comrades on their side. With surprising promptness and unanimity, customers begin to pass him by, leaving his establishment severely alone. This is the one argument capable of moving him. "Business is business," as he is fond of reiterating; and when he finds business dropping away from him as a result of his meanness, he must adopt at least a semblance of being just—simply as a matter of business. The artist has depicted the embarrassment of a shopkeeper who finds himself suddenly confronted with this postulate.

A JANUARY BLIZZARD.

THE weather did a great deal to get itself talked about, last week, and quite made up for its mildness during the month preceding. Beginning on Friday night, the 8th inst., a combination of all the severest wintry phenomena—cold wave, wind-storm, and snow-blizzard—visited nearly every State east of the Rocky Mountains, from Dakota to Texas, and on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. This Arctic spell was not broken until the 12th or 13th. Throughout the country, railroads were blocked with snow and rivers choked with ice. The thermometer ranged from 8° below zero in Memphis to 50° below in Manitoba. The morning of the 9th inst. was one of the coldest ever known in Texas, Galveston Bay being frozen over, while live-stock perished in the interior of the State. The ground was covered with snow, and all the streams frozen over. No provision having been made for the care of the cattle in such unprecedented weather, they perished by hundreds. The great ranges of Western and Northwestern Texas are strewn with their carcasses, and the loss will be very great. Orange-growing Florida also shivered and froze, like her sister States of the North. New York and the Eastern States felt the full effects of the cold, the winds and the snowstorms, to the great detriment of travel and telegraphic communication. The experience of the Staten Island

ferryboat *Westfield* may be mentioned as an example of the inconveniences suffered in New York and vicinity. The *Westfield* started on the home trip at midnight on Friday, having for passengers quite a number of belated theatre-goers. After crossing the harbor amidst waves mountains high, she found it impossible to make a landing on Staten Island. She was compelled to go back to Jersey City, where she lay over night, landing her passengers at eight o'clock the next morning. The great steamers came into port incased in icy armor. Large and small craft along the coast suffered severely, much wreckage and considerable loss of life being reported. Two or three of the most exciting incidents have been chosen by our artists for illustration.

The British steamship *Hyllon Castle*, of North Shields, England, foundered off Fire Island, Monday morning, two days after sailing from Brooklyn. Her crew, after great danger and suffering from the cold, escaped in two boats. One of the boats, which was at first supposed to have been lost, was picked up by the fishing-smack *Stephen Woolsey*, so that all the crew were saved. The schooner *Juliet*, bound from Portland, Me., to New York, with a load of stone, was wrecked off Deer Island, in Massachusetts Bay, on the morning of the 9th. The captain, mate and steward were washed overboard and drowned. The three remaining seamen clung to the icy rigging, drenched by the waves at every roll of the vessel. They were gallantly rescued, just in time to escape death from freezing, by a crew of volunteers from among the prisoners of the Boston Correctional Institution on Deer Island. On the Jersey coast, off Ocean Beach, not far from where the British ship *Malta* was wrecked last November, fire and storm united their most terrible forces in the destruction of the schooner *Mary C. Farr*, of Philadelphia, with all on board. Towards midnight, on Friday, the 8th, the crew of Life-saving Station No. 8 discovered the vessel in flames, far out at sea. She drifted shorewards rapidly, but meanwhile the light was quenched, and the life-savers were unable to shoot a line to her in the black darkness. When morning dawned, the stranded hulk appeared, completely dismasted and gutted by the fire, which in its turn had succumbed to some mighty wave. No human being, dead or alive, was found on board. All—probably six or seven persons—had met their fate in a manner only to be guessed.

Inland, snow-blockades on the railroads were general, and caused serious trouble. Even in Tennessee, the mercury fell far below zero, and railroad traffic was largely suspended during several days, on account of the deep snow. One of our pictures shows the attempts made to extricate a snow-bound train among the mountains of Eastern Tennessee.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. FORAKER.

THE inauguration of Hon. Joseph B. Foraker as Governor of Ohio, which took place at Columbus on the 11th instant, was an event of more than ordinary interest to the people of Ohio. It marked not only the transfer of the State administration from Democratic to Republican hands, but the introduction of a new and better element among the controlling forces of the Republican Party itself. The day was not wholly favorable to a great outdoor demonstration, the weather being extremely cold; but there was no lack of enthusiasm, and the military and civic display was in every way creditable. The Garfield Club kept open house for visiting clubs at its rooms in the St. Nicholas building, and there was a constant stream of persons passing in and out during the day. About noon all the military companies in the city, with those which had come from other places, marched into the City Hall, where five long tables, containing over four hundred plates, were soon surrounded by the hungry crowd. The dinner was furnished by the Fourteenth Regiment and the Citizens' Committee.

Shortly before two p. m. the military and civic societies, forming two divisions, marched to the railroad station to receive the Governor-elect, who was accompanied by his family, members of his staff and friends. These, with the exception of the Governor, were shown to carriages and taken direct to the State House. The procession was led by a carriage containing Governor Foraker, ex-Governor Hoadly and their adjutant-generals. The column moved south on High Street, and the Governor, leaving the procession opposite the Capitol, was escorted to the Governor's office, and thence to the rotunda, at the proper time. In the meantime the Judges of the Supreme Court, members of the City Council and city officials, State officers and State officers elect, the clergy, the President *pro tem* of the Senate, the Speaker of House and members of the House and Senate, had assembled in the Senate Chamber, whence they went to the rotunda in the order named. A platform had been placed in the centre of the rotunda, on which the Governor, Governor-elect, Judges of the Supreme Court, and others, took seats. The rotunda was jammed with people long before the hour for the inaugural ceremonies to begin, every inch of available space being occupied.

The exercises opened with music by the Fourteenth Regiment band. The Rev. W. M. Mullenix offered prayer, and Governor Hoadly then introduced his successor, who delivered his inaugural address, at the conclusion of which the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Owen, of the Supreme Court. The exercises closed with music by the band. Subsequently ex-Governor Hoadly and members of his late staff, Governor Foraker and staff, the joint Legislative and Citizens' Committee reviewed the procession from a platform erected on the west side of the State House yard. Among the political clubs which marched in the procession, was the Young Men's Blaine Club, of Cincinnati, to the number of 196, the members wearing white plug hats and badges. Following these came the Springfield Plug Hat Brigade, wearing white plug hats, over 400 strong, divided into seven companies, each company carrying its letter on a red flag. A noticeable feature of this brigade were the two Robinson brothers, from Marion County, Iowa, one of whom was seven feet eleven inches high, and the other but little less. These giants attracted more attention and comment than any other part of the street procession.

CINCINNATI'S STATUE OF GARFIELD.

TOWARDS the close of the melancholy Summer of 1881, when the memory of the dead President Garfield was still green and fresh, a subscription was suggested in the State of his birth for the purpose of erecting some monument to perpetuate his name and fame. The City of Cincinnati took it upon herself to raise a popular dollar subscription, with which to procure a statue that might be at once a testimonial of her appreciation

of Ohio's illustrious son and an ornament to the city. Some ten thousand dollars was contributed, and in December, 1883, a commission was given to a talented young Cincinnati sculptor, Karl H. Niehaus, to make a cast. Although a very young man, he had already distinguished himself by other works, notably a Garfield statue for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Mr. Niehaus proceeded to Rome with his studies of the subject, and has just returned to Cincinnati with his work complete. The statue is of bronze, nine feet two inches in height, and represents Garfield as one of the people. He is in the act of delivering an address in the open air, with his head bared and his overcoat thrown open, exposing the fine proportions of his manly form. The face wears an expression of seriousness, magnanimity and intellectual strength; the head is held proudly and majestically, and the whole bearing is characterized by conscious power. The lineaments and the pose are exceedingly natural and lifelike, and the statue is pronounced by intimates of the statesman to be a faithful representation of the living man in the full glory of his manhood. The figure was cast at Rome in the art foundry of Bastinelli, and will make a magnificent statue for a public square. It will probably be placed on a high pedestal in the centre of the city, in Eighth Street Park, lately changed to Garfield Place.

THE MATCH FOR THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Dr. J. H. ZUKERTORT, of Hungary, and Herr Wilhelm Steinitz, formerly of Austria, but at present a citizen of the United States, are two world-famous masters of the royal game of chess. They began in New York city, on Monday of last week, a contest for the championship of the world and a stake of \$2,000 on each side. The games will absorb the attention of chess circles for some weeks to come, particularly as the match begun in New York is to be continued in St. Louis and finished in New Orleans. Mr. Charles F. Buck, of New Orleans, is referee and stakeholder. Herr Steinitz has selected for umpire Thomas Frere, who has been his representative in the arrangement of the preliminary details, and Dr. Zukertort has chosen Adolphus Uehle. They are both members of the Manhattan Chess Club, under whose auspices the New York division of the contest is conducted. The board which will be used is owned by Mr. Frere, and it possesses considerable historic value, having been used by such champions of over a quarter of a century ago as Morphy, Marche, Lichtenhein, Paulsen and Robertson. The game is governed by the code of chess laws published in the last edition of the German Handbook of Chess, with the exception "that should both players repeat the same series of moves six times in succession either party may claim a draw." These rules have never been printed in English before. Herr Steinitz made the translation.

The match is to be determined by either player winning ten games, drawn games not counting. It remains under the auspices of the Manhattan Chess Club until either of the competitors shall have won four games. The second part of the match up to the point where either player shall have added three won games to the score of victories made previously in New York, is to be played under the auspices of the St. Louis Chess, Checker and Whist Club. The second part of the match is to commence one week after the conclusion of the first part. The third and last part of the match is to be played under the auspices of the New Orleans Chess, Checker and Whist Club, and it is to begin within two weeks after the conclusion of the second part. Should they each win nine games, the match is to be declared a draw.

The records of both the players are well-known to the chess-playing world. They are old adversaries. The tournament of 1872, in which Dr. Zukertort took part, was won by Herr Steinitz, and it resulted in a private match being played between them, in which Herr Steinitz won seven games to one by Dr. Zukertort. Herr Steinitz also won at the Vienna tournament in 1882, and it was not until Dr. Zukertort carried off the honors in the London tournament in 1883 that the strong rivalry between these two celebrated players sprang up.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ARMISTICE IN THE BALKANS.

The scenes of the armistice between Bulgaria and Serbia are of a less exciting nature than the war-pictures of the past few weeks, but none the less characteristic and interesting. One of these which we reproduce shows the Bulgarian soldiers in their winter encampment on the heights around Pirot. Being in the enemy's country, in a place where the winter weather has delayed the transport of provisions, the victors in the late contest have at times suffered privations more serious than those endured by the vanquished. A second engraving shows wounded Serbians tended by Knights of Malta, on board a hospital-ship run by the latter from Nis to Belgrade. The distribution of the tobacco rations is in progress, to the great delight of the sufferers, who, under the existing circumstances, would rather smoke than eat.

GEN. BOULANGER, FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.

General George Ernest Boulanger, the new War Minister of the De Freycinet Cabinet, is one of the youngest and most remarkable of the general officers of the French Army. Born in 1837, he entered Saint-Cyr in 1855, and left it on the 1st of October, 1856, with the grade of sous-lieutenant of infantry. Decorated after Magenta, he served in China as lieutenant, and received a very serious wound, which has never been well cured. He was promoted to a captaincy in 1862, and became chief of battalion (major) in 1870, and lieutenant-colonel on the 9th of November in the same year. Wounded at the head of his regiment at the first affair at Campagna, he assisted none the less at the second battle on the 2d of December. He was made a colonel, and received the rosette of the Legion of Honor, which, on the 24th of June, 1871, was changed into the badge of a commander. In May, 1880, when but little over forty-three years of age, he was made a brigadier-general. General Boulanger was chief of the French military mission to the United States on the occasion of the Yorktown Centennial celebration in October, 1881. Later he was appointed commandant of the French division of occupation in Tunis.

THE HEBREW TEMPLE AT TURIN.

The Hebrew community of Turin has recently erected two edifices in that city, one of which we show in our pictorial columns. The Council of

Administration decided on the erection of the temple in March, 1859, fixing the cost at 300,000 lire, partly raised by private subscription, but chiefly obtained by loan. Four plans were offered by architects, but all rejected, as they required too great an outlay. The Engineer Antonelli in 1863 presented one which was accepted heartily, and the corner-stone was laid in April of that year. The height of the top of the most elevated dome from the ground is 130 metres; the width of the main front is 40 metres. Many difficulties arose, but money overcame them, till the funds were completely exhausted in 1865. New efforts were made, but after 240,000 lire had been sunk, the work was virtually abandoned, and disension took the place of unity, leaving the unfinished structure exposed to the winds and weather. In 1875 the City of Turin purchased for 150,000 lire what had cost about four times as much, and now proposes to complete the edifice and make it the City Museum. The Hebrew community then undertook another edifice on Pio V. and Sant'Anselmo Streets. The corner-stone was laid in June, 1880, and a temple after the plans of Pettite was erected in about three years under his supervision. It was opened February 16th, last year. According to their custom, the congregation adopted the pure Oriental style. It is at once majestic and elegant, the four domed towers giving it, with their cupolas, the type of the architecture of the East. It is 40 metres long and 24 wide; the top of each cupola, or dome, is 38 metres in height. Around the main entrance is a Hebrew inscription, and there are Italian ones over the side doors. The staircase is of red Baveno granite; the interior is a fine hall, with galleries seating 400, supported by two rows of light arches. These are for women, men occupying the ground-floor, where there are seats for 700. The reading-desk is graceful and rich, as is the Ark. The whole interior is richly adorned with gilding. The floor is of Venetian mosaic. The edifice is lighted with gas, and under the oratory are the ovens and store-houses. The Marriage Saloon, and that of the Council, are above, both gracefully decorated.

THE TAILORS' BAZAAR IN TUNIS.

In Tunis, as in all Oriental cities, the bazaars are the great centres of trade—the emporia wherein the gorgeous merchandise of the East is displayed, and where congregate the mixed population of Moors, Arabs, negroes, Jews and Christians. The streets of Tunis are generally narrow and uneven, and are sometimes unpaved; but the bazaars are extensive and well-furnished, each being devoted to a special line of traffic. Our picture shows the Bazaar of the Tailors. Here are exposed for sale the brilliant native tapestries and fabrics of linen and wool, red Tunisian berberis, or caps, mantles, embroidery, leather, etc., peculiar to the country. Turbanned and veiled Tunisians throng the place, and the whole spectacle, even to-day, fulfills the ideal of the picturesque of an African city.

THE MOUNT RIGHI RAILWAY.

The Righi Kulm, isolated and commanding, is familiar to all travelers in Switzerland. Standing between the lakes of Zug and Lucerne, and commanding one of the most extensive and beautiful views in the Alps, it attracts thousands of visitors annually to its easily accessible sides and summit. Of late years the ascent has been still further facilitated by a cog-railway, similar to that on Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. The Righi Kulm is 5,902 feet high, and the railway, starting from Vitznau, on Lake Lucerne, ascends by a grade of from 7 to 30 feet in 100.

BISMARCK AT HOME.

A RECENT writer gives a pleasant description of Bismarck's home life at Friedrichsruhe: "It is after dinner in the large drawing-room that Bismarck absolutely shakes off every vestige of the statesman and autocratic Minister and appears in his quiet, unpretentious, unsuspected *bonhomme*. He plays and romps with his three grandsons, and enjoys the gambols of the two huge hounds, who never leave his side. The dogs look up into his eyes, seem to seek in his glance an order or a warning, and lean up against him for a mute caress. The little Rantzows are bright, intelligent, healthy, active boys, the pride and joy of their grandfather. He has superintended and directed their education as well as their instruction, and beyond the admirable early training in force in Germany, has been most particular to inculcate such lessons of courtesy, politeness and deference as make them attentive to his guests as well as to himself. With him they are perfectly fearless. To them the man of iron will unbends. At Friedrichsruhe he is the kind husband, the indulgent father, the genial host. He is gay, amusing, boyish, in his conversation, and laughs heartily at the memory of some youthful frolic. He relates how, when many years ago he was assessor to a civil tribunal, some petitioner became importunate, and, being constitutionally impatient and quickly roused to ire, he suddenly exclaimed from his seat: 'If you don't stop that row, I shall eject you myself.' The President reproved his subordinate, remarking it was for him to eject offenders, not for young Bismarck. The future Chancellor took the reproof in silence, but some months later, during a disturbance in court, he was told by the President to insure order. In a loud voice he called, 'If you don't stop that row, the Herr President will eject you himself.'"

POVERTY OF GERMAN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Nothing like the extreme destitution which prevails among the humbler class of students in some of the German universities is to be found in the very poorest of our own seats of learning. M. A. Martha, who contributes to the *Revue Scientifique*, a paper on the German pauper students states, that the number is largely on the increase, and is causing much uneasiness to the university authorities. Professor Billroth in particular having frequently drawn public attention to the danger with which this large influx of starving students menaces the universities and society.

As examples of the straits to which these hapless hungerers after knowledge are reduced, M. Martha quotes from a Berlin paper the application made some time ago to the municipality by a university student who asked to be employed as a night sweeper; a post which, however modest, would not interfere with the prosecution of his studies. In the Galician and Hungarian universities poor students sell matches in the streets, or if they have a musical gift, eke out existence by singing or playing in *cafés*. Many of them, for want of books and leisure to study, never manage to pass the examinations, and settle down at thirty to the very humblest occupations, while not a few take to evil courses and swell the army of crime.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is authoritatively stated that odoriferousness is one of the properties especially conducive to the durability of wood.

A MASSACHUSETTS man has invented a machine which he says will tie a square knot, hitherto regarded by inventors as beyond the power of machinery.

A FIRST trial of steel railroad sleepers is to be made on somewhat more than thirty-seven miles of line under the auspices of the Belgian Railroad Commission.

WHOLE cloves are now used to exterminate moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar-shavings.

To take creases out of drawing-paper or engravings, lay the paper or engraving, face downwards, on a sheet of smooth, unsized white paper; cover it with another sheet of the same; very lightly dampen, and iron with a moderately warm flat-iron.

The yield of amber in the Smaland Peninsula, East Prussia, has greatly increased since 1880, when systematic digging for that substance was first commenced there. It is stated that the revenue from amber in 1864 was only \$8,500, but in 1883 it rose to \$125,000.

M. FAYOL has ascertained that the absorption of atmospheric oxygen by coal-dust usually produces the rise in temperature to which spontaneous combustion is due. Lignite is ignited at the low temperature of 300°, anthracite at 575°, and other intermediate varieties of coal, in a powdered state, at intermediate temperatures.

In Mr. Francis Conder's method of purifying sewage the principal active agent is sulphate of iron. The process has been tried with success upon a small quantity of crude foul sewage, and there is every reason to infer a like result on a large scale. Sulphate of iron has long been known as a disinfectant of great efficiency.

THE German Society of Mechanical Engineers offers a premium of 1,000 marks for the best plan for a boiler-shop in which sixteen locomotive boilers can be constructed at once; also, a premium of 300 marks for an essay on the best method, according to present experience, for fastening tires on railroad rolling-stock.

SILVER plate and other articles of silver soon become blackened by the sulphureted hydrogen in the atmosphere of all large rooms. To prevent it, dissolve caustic soda in water until the hydrometer shows 26° Beaume. To this add oxide of zinc in proportion of about two-thirds of the caustic soda, and boil the mixture until solution is effected, and then reduce the solution by adding water to 10° Beaume. Dip paper or cloth into this preparation, and when dry wrap the silver in them.

A NEW direct vision spectroscopic has been described by S. G. Govi. It has neither prisms nor screens. It is merely requisite to employ a very dispersive medium inclosed within plane parallel surfaces. This arrangement gives a very fine spectrum through the agency of the internal dispersion. The colored rays issue by the second surface of the medium, parallel to the incident rays. There is, therefore, no deviation, and Fraunhofer's rays, or the luminous spectral lines, are seen quite as well as in the ordinary spectra.

THE French Government has created a certain number of traveling juries having duties of a somewhat similar nature to those of like functionaries established under the first republic. In the organic law of the Institut it was ordained that the Institut was to select yearly ten citizens to travel abroad and collect information useful to science, commerce, and agriculture. These scientific travelers will not be appointed by the Academy of Sciences or the whole Institut, but by a special administrative commission, on the basis of a competitive examination.

AN improvement in an important type of ventilators for domestic and office use has been made by Mr. Ellis, a surgeon of Gloucester, England. At the junction of the horizontal inlet and vertical distributing tubes there is an adjustable door for regulating or wholly excluding the admission of outside air. At the outer opening of the inlet tube there is stretched a piece of some sort of suitable cloth which acts as a kind of filter to the entering air, and on the inner side of this strainer there is a chamber for the purpose of containing any desirable perfume or disinfectant.

IN a new engraving machine, Lieutenant B. Carter, of London, has made an interesting application of electricity. The machine is chiefly intended for decorative work upon metals, and rapidly produces high-finished results. The words or designs to be engraved are first furnished by a setting of ornamental types or stereotype plate. A fine platinum point traverses this, its motion being responded to by a table carrying the metal to be engraved under the point of the graver. As the platinum point is raised or let down by the design an electric current, acting upon an electro-magnet, produces a corresponding movement of the graver, which is thus made to accurately cut in the metal an enlarged or reduced copy of the types.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JANUARY 8TH.—In Dorchester, Mass., Nahum Capen, LL.D., ex-Postmaster of Boston, and a writer on political history, aged 82 years. *January 9th*—In Brooklyn, N. Y., William Beard, the millionaire contractor, aged 85 years; in St. Louis, Mo., N. M. Ludlow, the veteran actor, aged 90 years; in Waterville, N. Y., Frederick N. Wright, Principal of the Union School, aged 52 years. *January 10th*—In Atlanta, Ga., ex-Governor Benjamin Conley, aged 71 years. *January 11th*—In Jackson, Miss., Colonel Edmund Richardson, the distinguished planter, and President of the late Cotton Exposition, aged 68 years; in Windsor, N. S., Bennett Smith, a famous ship-builder, aged 77 years; in Louisville, Ky., the Rev. Lewis T. Tschiffely, a well-known minister, pastor of Grace Church, aged 50 years. *January 12th*—In New York, Josiah Rich, merchant, broker, etc., aged 75 years; in Morristown, N. J., Augustus C. Richards, a well-known drygoods, insurance and railroad man, aged 72 years. *January 13th*—In New York, Frank S. Haughwout, late United States Consul at Naples, aged 37 years; at Sing Sing, N. Y., Judge William C. Howe, aged 70 years; in New York, George C. Allen, jeweler and diamond merchant, aged 72 years. *January 14th*—In Corning, N. Y., Charles H. Thompson, a leading lawyer, aged 55 years; in Miles City, Montana, ex-Congressman Colonel Charles G. Cox.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Reading Railroad has been reorganized with Mr. Gowan as President, and a management composed of his friends.

THE Protestant Episcopal clergymen of New York city are organizing for more efficient work in behalf of temperance.

PRINCE CHARLES III. of Monaco has expelled the Jesuits from his dominions, but the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo have not been disturbed.

It is rumored that the financially hard-pushed King of Bavaria will probably marry morganatically Fran Krauer Klett, a young, beautiful and rich widow of a Nuremberg carriage-maker.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has "cut" passenger rates between New York and Chicago, and a general railroad war between Eastern and Western points is thought to be imminent.

THE temperance women of Gwinnett County, in Georgia, are making war on the moonshiners, and have already secured the arrest of some illicit "stillers" who had for a long time defied the law.

GREAT distress is reported among the fishermen on the northeast coast of the island of Cape Breton, who, from the rigor of the season, have not been able to provide winter supplies for their families.

At Chicago, last week, a surgical operator for the disease which killed General Grant cut away a large part of the patient's jaw, and removed the cancerous growth from the root of the tongue, without serious consequences.

THE New Orleans Exposition management has at last admitted that it is in great financial straits, and has appealed to the City Council for an appropriation to enable them to carry the enterprise through the time fixed for its continuance.

THE house of the German naturalist, Charles Buettner, of Burlington, Iowa, containing the finest collection of birds, insects and animals west of New York, was last week destroyed by fire. It included a collection of 60,000 insects which he purchased two years ago.

PITTSBURG is now talking about using natural gas as a street-car motor. Application has been filed for a patent for a process for expanding the gas by heat and storing it in air-tight tanks under the seats of horse-cars in such a way that the pressure will propel the car.

TRAVELERS from the Northwest of Canada say that all the Indian tribes are making arrangements for an outbreak in the Spring to avenge the death of Riel. The traders on the United States side of the line are reported to be supplying the reds with large quantities of ammunition.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Chicago, the dynamiters, socialists and trades unions of that city have combined against capital. They have a plentiful supply of bombs, a well-drilled army, and a plan of campaign. They are said to intend to commence hostilities on the 1st of May.

THE laboring people in County Waterford, Ireland, are starving for want of work. At a recent meeting of the Poor Law Guardians, 200 able-bodied men with their families demanded admission to the workhouse, while in another instance a mob threatened that unless help was soon forthcoming they would plunder the neighboring farms in order to obtain means of subsistence.

MR. P. T. BARNUM has purchased from the London Zoological Gardens the elephant Alice, the late Jumbo's associate, or "wife," as the English people seem to consider her. Alice showed much distress when separated from her big spouse, although she received the news of his untimely death without emotion. She is exceptionally large, and is docile, affectionate and playful, and particularly attracted towards children.

THE severely cold weather of last week did immense injury to the orange crop in Florida. In some places the trees were killed, while in the northern part of State the crop will be badly set back. About one-half the present crop has been marketed, leaving about one-quarter gathered and in the packing-houses, and the other quarter still on the trees. The loss to growers from damaged fruit alone will probably reach \$1,000,000.

A SING SING convict named Smith, who escaped from that institution on the 10th instant, came to New York, committed a burglary on the night of the 10th, was caught in the act of carrying off a quantity of plunder, and the next day was returned to prison, where he is now enjoying a diet of bread and water. His excuse for returning to his old burglarious tricks were that he wished to get money enough to pay his passage to Europe.

SECRETARY LAMAR decides that the evidence recently submitted to him against the validity of the Bell telephone patent is sufficient to warrant a suit in the name of the United States to set aside the patent, and he therefore advises the Attorney-general to bring such suit. The suit to test the question will be brought in one of the United States circuit courts, but the final settlement of the controversy can only be made by the Supreme Court.

THE migration of negroes from North and South Carolina to Arkansas is attracting attention. The newcomers have generally chosen Chicot, Desha and Drew Counties, in Southern Arkansas, as places of abode. The negro population is very large in that section, particularly in Desha and Chicot Counties, where the Republicans have a majority and choose county officers, dividing the offices with the blacks. During the past three months hundreds of negroes have settled in these counties.

On the 26th of October last a girl named Minnie Dislaer, living at a town in Nebraska, fell into a hystero-cataleptic-trance sleep, from which she did not awaken until the 3d instant. When she awoke her mind was seemingly clear and unimpaired, her appetite and general feelings were good, but her arms and legs were paralyzed. She says she was conscious during the whole time of her protracted trance; but, though she exerted her utmost power to evince her consciousness, she could not move a single muscle. She had no physical pain until the fortieth day of her sleep, when an electric battery was used. Since then she has suffered a thousand agonies of body, and at times it seemed as if her mind would give way under the strain. She now complains of terrible physical suffering in consequence of the shock to her system. The doctor in attendance says that she will recover in a short time, and will regain the full use of her limbs.

THE RECENT BLIZZARD.—SOME OF ITS SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

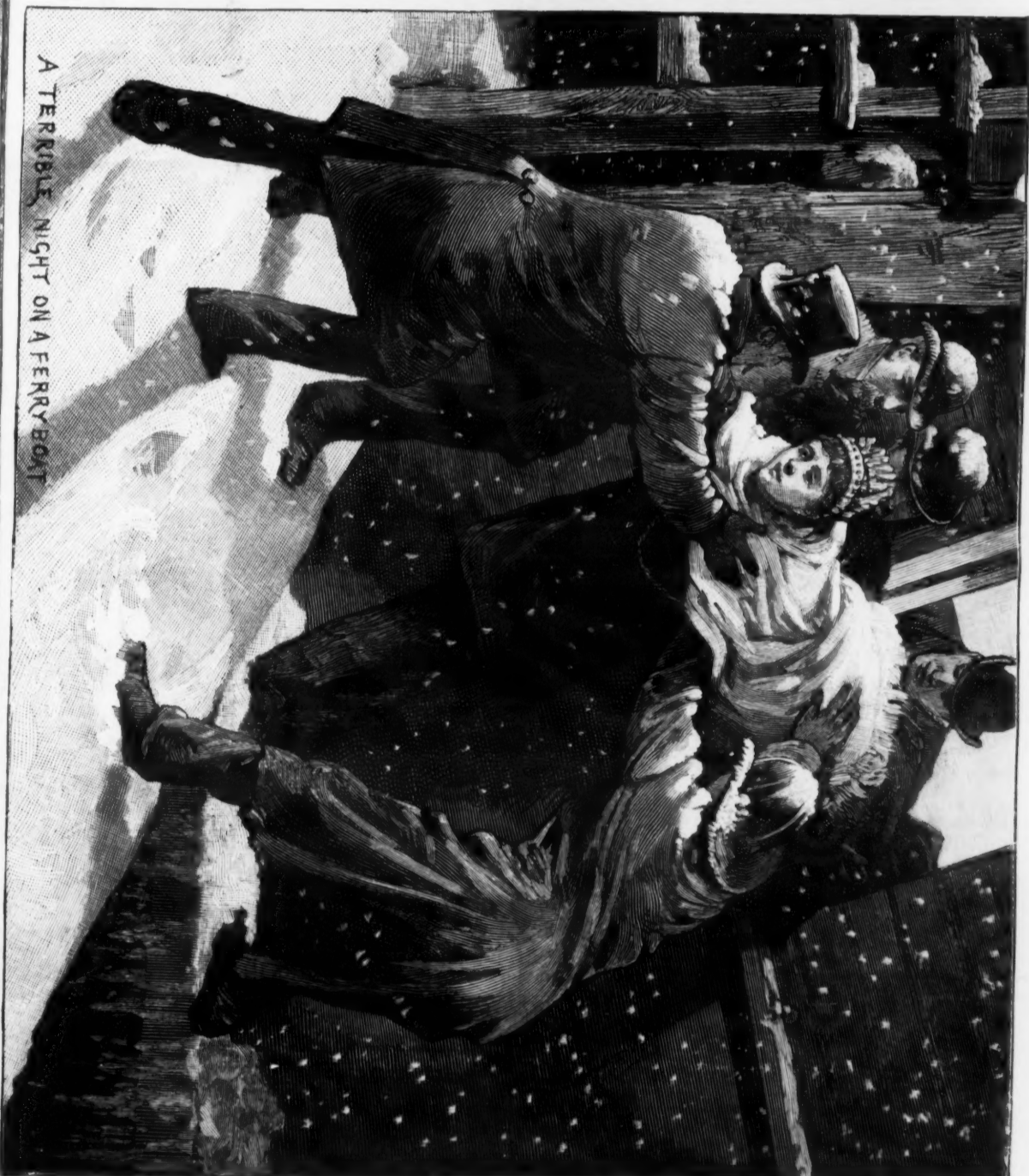
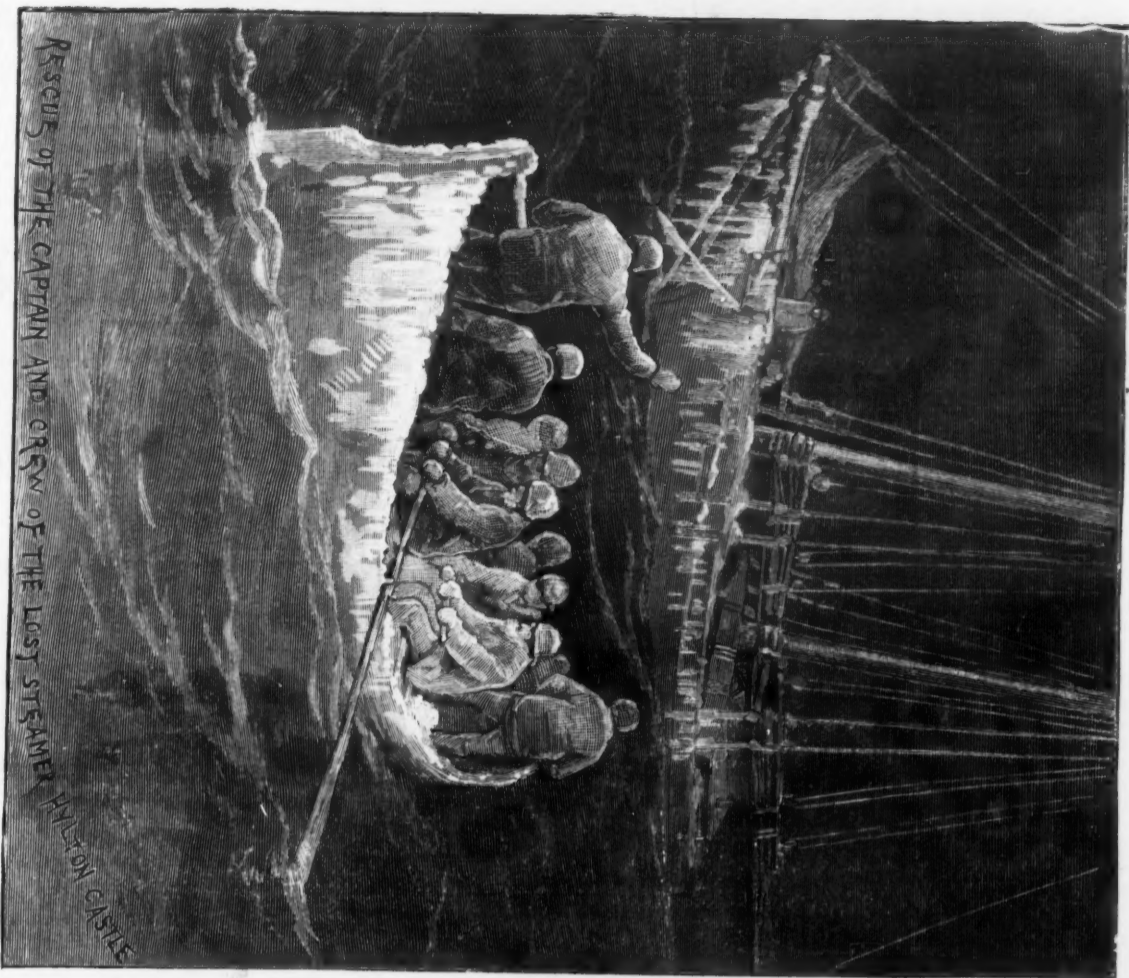
SEE PAGE 374.



SMALL BOY — "I say, Mister, what'll yer give me for a customer?"

BOYCOTTED.—A SCENE ON A BUSINESS STREET IN NEW YORK CITY.

SEE PAGE 374.



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The Mystery of the Mill.

By

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "HAND AND RING," "A STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—TWO LETTERS.

Marvel not

That such slight things had power to move me ;
know
That he who steps on stones is glad to feel
The smallest spray of moss beneath his feet.

MY illness, though severe, was not of long continuance. In a week I was able to be about my room ; and in a fortnight I was allowed to read the letters that had come to me. There were two, either of them calculated to awaken dangerous emotions ; and taken together, making a draft on my powers, which my newly gained health found it hard to sustain. The one was signed, Zara Colwell, and the other, Dwight Pollard. I read Zara Colwell's first.

It opened without preamble :

I sought revenge and I have found it. Not in the way I anticipated, perhaps, but still in a way good enough to satisfy both myself and the spirit of justice. You will never trust Dwight Pollard again. You will never come any nearer to him than you have to-day. You have an upright soul, and, whether you believe his declarations or not, can be safely relied upon to hold yourself aloof from a man who could lend his countenance to such a cowardly deed as I saw perpetrated in the old cellar a month or so ago. Honor does not wed with dishonor, nor truth with treachery. Constance Sterling may marry whom she may ; it will never be Dwight Pollard.

Convinced of this, and satisfied so far, I have decided to push my vengeance no further. Not that I believe Mr. Barrows committed suicide, any more than I believe that Dwight and Gny Pollard could be saved by any mere alibi, if I chose to speak. Men like them can find ready tools to do their work, and if they had been a hundred miles away instead of some six, I should still think that the will which plunged Mr. Barrows into his dreadful grave was the same which once before had made him taste the horrors of his threatened doom. But public disgrace and execration are not what I seek for my recreant lover. The inner anguish which no eye can see is what I have been forced to endure and what he shall be made to suffer. Guilty or not, he can never escape that now ; and it is a future I gloat upon and from which I would not have him escape, no, not at the cost of his life, if that life were mine, and I could shorten it at a stroke.

And yet, since human nature is human nature, and good hearts as well as bad yield sometimes to a fatal weakness, I would add that the facts which I suppress are always facts, and that if I see in you or him any forgetfulness of the gulf that separates you, I shall not think it too late to speak, though months have been added to months, and years to years, and I am no longer anything but old.

ZARA COLWELL.

Close upon these words I read these others :

MISS STERLING—Pardon me that I presume to address you. Pardon the folly, the weakness of a man who, having known you for less than a week, finds the loss of your esteem the hardest of the many miseries he is called upon to bear.

I know that I can never recover this esteem, if, indeed, I ever possessed it. The revelation of the secret which disgraced our family has been fatal ; the secret which our mother commanded us on her deathbed to preserve, foreseeing that, if it should become known that we had been guilty of the occurrences of the seventeenth of August, nothing could save us from the suspicion that we were also guilty of the real catastrophe of the twenty-fourth of September. Alas ! my mother was a keen woman, but she did not reckon upon Zara Colwell ; she did not reckon upon you. She thought if we kept silence, hell and heaven would find no tongue. But hell and heaven have both spoken, and we stand suspected of crime, if not absolutely accused of it.

Hard as this is to bear—and it is harder than you might think for one in whom the base and cowardly action into which he was betrayed a month ago has not entirely obliterated the sense of honor—I neither dare to complain of it nor of the possible consequences which may follow if Zara Colwell slights my brother's warning and carries out her revenge to the full. Deeds of treachery and shame must bear their natural fruit, and we are but reaping what we sowed on that dreadful night when we allowed David Barrows to taste the horrors of his future grave. But though I do not complain, I would fain say a final word to one whose truth and candor have stood in such conspicuous relief to my own secrecy and repression. Not in way of hope, not in way of explanation even. What we have done we have done, and it would little become me to assign motives and reasons for what in your eyes—and, I must now allow, in my own—no motive or reason can justify or even excuse. I can only place myself before you as one who abhors his own past ; regarding it, indeed, with such remorse and detestation that I would esteem myself blessed if it had been my body, instead of that of Mr. Barrows, which had been drawn from the fatal pit. Not that any repentance can rid me of the stain which has fallen upon my manhood, or make me worthy of the honor of your faintest glance ; but it may make me a less debased object in your eyes, and I would secure that much grace for myself even at the expense of what many might consider an unnecessary humiliation. For you have made upon my mind in the short time I have known you a deep, and, as I earnestly believe, a most lasting and salutary impression.

Truth, candor, integrity, and a genuine loyalty to all that is noblest and best in human nature no longer seem to me like mere names since I have met you. The selfishness that makes dark deeds possible has revealed itself to me in all its hideous deformity since the light of your pure ideal fell upon it ; and while naught on earth can restore me to happiness, or even to that equanimity of mind which my careless boyhood enjoyed, it would still afford me something like relief to know that you recognize the beginning of a new life in me, which, if not all you could desire, still has that gleam of light upon it which redeems it from being the utterly despicable thing it was before I knew you. I will, therefore, ask not a word from you, but a look. If, when I pass your house to-morrow afternoon at six o'clock, I see you standing in the window, I shall know you grant me the encouragement of your sympathy ; a sympathy which will help me to endure the worst of all my thoughts, that indirectly, if not directly, Guy and myself may be guilty of Mr. Barrows's death : that our action may have given him an impetus to destroy himself, or at least have shown him the way to end his life in a seemingly secret manner ; though why a man so respected and manifestly happy as he should wish to close his career so suddenly, is as great a mystery to me as it can possibly be to you.

One other word and I am done. If in the mercy of your gentle and upright nature you accord me this favor, do not fear that I shall take advantage of it, even in my thoughts. Nor need you think that by so doing you may hamper yourself in the performance of a future duty ; since it would be as impossible for me to ask, as for you to grant, the least suppression of the truth on your part ; your candor being the charm of all others which has most attracted my admiration and secured my regard.

DWIGHT POLLARD.

Of the emotions produced in me by these two letters, I will say nothing ; I will only mention some of my thoughts. The first naturally was, that owing to my illness I had not received the latter letter till a week after it was written, consequently Dwight Pollard had failed to receive the slight token of encouragement which he had requested. This was a source of deep regret to me, all the more that I did not know how to rectify the evil without running the risk of rousing suspicion in the breast of Zara Colwell. For, unreasonable as it may seem, her words had roused in me a dread similar to that which one might feel of a scorpion in the dark. I did not know how near she might be to me, or when she might strike. The least stir, the least turn of my head towards the forbidden object, might reveal her to be close at my side. I neither dared trust the silence nor the fact that all seemed well with me yet. A woman who could disguise herself as she could, and whom no difficulty deterred from gaining her purpose, was not one to brave with impunity, however clear might seem the outlook. I felt as if my very thoughts were in danger from intuition, and scarcely dared breathe my intentions to the walls, lest the treacherous breeze should carry them to her ears and awaken that formidable antagonism which in her case was barbed with a power which might easily make the most daring quail. And yet she must be braved ; for not to save his life could I let such an appeal as he had made go unanswered ; no, though I knew the possibility remained of its being simply the offspring of a keen and calculating mind driven to its last resource. It was enough that I felt him to be true, however much my reason might recognize the possibility of his falsehood. Rather than slight a noble spirit struggling with a great distress, I would incur any penalty which a possible lapse of judgment might bring ; my temperament being such that I found less shame in the thought that I might be deceived, than that, out of a spirit of too great caution and self-love, I should fail an unhappy soul at the moment when my sympathy might be of inestimable benefit to its welfare.

The venomous threats and extreme show of power displayed in Zara Colwell's letter had overreached themselves. They roused my pride. They made me question whether it was necessary for us to live under such a dominion of suspense as she had prepared for us. If Dwight Pollard's assertions were true, it would be a cruel waste of peace and happiness for him or me to rest under such a subjection, when by a little bravery at the outset her hold upon us might be annihilated and her potency destroyed.

The emotions of which I have not spoken came in to give weight to this thought. To save myself it was necessary to prove Dwight Pollard true. Not only my sense of justice, but the very life and soul of my being, demanded the settling of all suspicion and the establishment of my trust upon a sure foundation. While a single doubt remained in my mind I was liable to shame before my best self, and shame and Constance Sterling did not mix easily or well, even with that leaven of self-interest added, to which I have alluded only a few paragraphs back.

But how, with my lack of resources and the apparent dearth of all means for attaining the end I had in view, I was to prove Zara Colwell's insinuations false, and Dwight Pollard's assertion true, was a question to which an answer did not come with very satisfactory readiness. Even the simple query as to how I was to explain my late neglect to Dwight Pollard occasioned me an hour of anxious thought ; and it was not till I remembered that the simplest course was always the best, and that with a snake in the grass like Zara Colwell, the most fearless foot trod with the greatest safety, that I felt my difficulties on that score melt away. I would write to Dwight Pollard, and I would tell Zara Colwell I had done so, thus proving to her that I meditated nothing underhanded, and could be trusted to say what I would do, and do what I should say.

This decision taken, I sat down immediately and penned the following two notes :

MISS ZARA COLWELL—Owing to illness, your letter has just been read by me. To it I will simply reply that you are right in believing my regard could never be given to a guilty man. As long as the faintest doubt of Mr. Pollard remains in my mind we are indeed separated by a gulf. But let that doubt in any way be removed, and I say to you frankly that nothing you could threaten or the world perform, would prevent my yielding to him the fullest sympathy and the most hearty encouragement.

I send him to-day, in the same mail which carries this, a few lines, a copy of which I inclose for your perusal. Yours, CONSTANCE STERLING.

MR. DWIGHT POLLARD—For two weeks I have been too ill to cross my room, which must account both for this note and the tardiness I have displayed in writing it.

You assert that you know nothing of the causes or manner of a certain catastrophe. I believe you, and hope some day to have more than a belief, viz., a surety of its truth founded on absolute evidence.

Till that time comes we go our several ways, secure in the thought that to the steadfast mind calumny itself loses its sting when met by an earnest purpose to be and do only what is honest and upright.

CONSTANCE STERLING.

If you have any further communication to make to me, let me request that it be allowed to pass through the hands of Miss Colwell. My reasons for this are well founded.

CHAPTER XV.—GOSSIP.

You see no evidence in this, I know.

I HAD not taken this tone with both my correspondents without a secret hope of being able to do something myself towards the establishment of Mr. Pollard's innocence. How, I could not very plainly perceive that day or the next, but as time elapsed and my brain cleared and my judgment returned, I at last saw the way to an effort which might not be without consequences of a satisfactory nature. What that effort was you may perhaps conjecture from the fact that the first walk I took was in the direction of the cottage where Mr. Barrows had formerly lived. The rooms which he had occupied were for rent, and my ostensible errand was to hire them. The real motive of my visit, however, was to learn something more of the deceased clergyman's life and ways than I then knew ; if happily out of some hitherto unnoticed event in his late history I might receive a hint which should ultimately lead me to the solution of the mystery which was involving my happiness.

I was not as unsuccessful in this attempt as one might anticipate. The lady of the house was a gossip, and the subject of Mr. Barrows's death was an inexhaustible topic of interest to her. I had but to mention his name, and straightway a tide of words flowed from her lips, which, if mostly words, contained here and there intimations of certain facts which I felt it was well enough for me to know, even if they did not amount to anything like an explanation of the tragedy. Among these was one which only my fear of showing myself too much interested in her theme prevented me from probing to the bottom. This was, that for a month at least before his death Mr. Barrows had seemed to her like a changed man. A month—that was about the interval which had elapsed between his first visit to the mill and his last ; and the evidence that he showed an alteration of demeanor in that time might have its value and might not. I resolved to cultivate Mrs. Simpson's acquaintance and some time put her a question or two that would satisfy me upon this point.

This determination was all the easier to make in that I found the rooms I had come to see sufficiently to my liking to warrant me in taking them. Not that I should have hesitated to do this had they been as unattractive as they were pleasant. It was not their agreeableness that won me, but the fact that Mr. Barrows's personal belongings had not yet been moved, and that for a short time at least I should find myself in possession of his library, and face to face with the same articles of taste and study which had surrounded him in his lifetime, and helped to mold, if not to make, the man. I should thus get to feel him as he was, perhaps, and some day, who knows, might flash upon the truth of his secret. For that he possessed one, and was by no means the plain and simple character I had been led to believe, was apparent to me from the first glimpse I had of these rooms, there being in every little object that marked his taste a certain individuality and purpose that betrayed a stern and mystic soul ; one that could hide itself, perhaps, beneath a practical exterior, but which in ways like this must speak, and speak loudly too, of its own inward promptings and tendency.

The evening when I first brought these objects under a close and conscientious scrutiny was a memorable one to me. I had moved in that afternoon, and with a woman's unreasoning caprice had forborne to cast more than the most cursory glance around, being content to see that all was as I left it at my first visit, and that neither desk nor library had been disturbed. But when supper was over and I could set myself with a free mind to a contemplation of my new surroundings, I found that my curiosity could no longer delay the careful tour of inspection to which I felt myself invited by the freshness and beauty of the pictures and one or two of the statuettes which adorned the walls about me. One painting in especial attracted me and made me choose for my first contemplation that side of the room on which it hung. It was a copy of some French painting, and represented the temptation of a certain saint. A curious choice of subject, you may think, to

adorn a Protestant clergyman's wall, but if you could have seen it, and marked the extreme expression of mortal struggle on the face of the tempted one, who, with eyes shut and hands clenching till it bent the cross of twigs stuck in the crevices of the rocks beneath which he writhed, waited for that victory over self that was just beginning to cast its light upon his brow, you would have felt that it was good to hang before the eyes of any one in whom conflict of any kind might be waging. Upon me the effect was instantaneous, and so real that I have never been able to think of that moment without a sense of awe and rending at the heart. Human passion assumed a new significance in my mind, and the will and faith of a strong man suffering from its power, yet withstanding it to the very last gasp by the help of his trust in God, rose to such an exalted position in my mind, that I felt then as I feel now whenever I remember this picture, that my whole moral nature had received, from its contemplation, an impetus towards religion and self-denial. While I was still absorbed in gazing at it, my landlady entered the room, and seeing me posed before the picture, quite sympathizingly exclaimed :

"Isn't that a dreadful painting, Miss Sterling, to have in any one's room? I don't wonder Mr. Barrows wanted to cover it up."

"Cover it up?" I repeated, turning hastily in my surprise.

"Yes," she replied, going to a drawer in his desk and taking out a small engraving, which she brought me. "For nearly a month before his death he had this picture stuck up over the other with pins—you can see the pin-holes now, if you look ; they went right through the canvas. I thought it a very sensible thing to do, myself ; but when I spoke of it to him one day, remarking that I had always thought the picture unfit for any one to see, he gave me such a look that I thought then he must be crazy. But no one else saw anything amiss in him, and, as I did not want to lose a good lodger, I let him stay on, though my mind did sometimes misgive me."

The engraving she had handed me was almost as suggestive as the painting it had been used to conceal ; but at this remarkable statement from Mrs. Simpson's lips I laid it quickly down.

"You think he was crazy?" I asked.

"I think he committed suicide," she affirmed.

I turned to the engraving again, and took it up. What a change had come over me that a statement against which I had once so honestly rebelled for Ada's sake should now arouse something like a sensation of joy in my breast.

Mrs. Simpson, too much interested in her theme to notice me, went confidently on.

"You see, folks that live in the same house with a person learn to know them as other folks can't. Not that Mr. Barrows ever talked to me ; he was a deal too much absorbed in his studies for that ; but he ate at my table, and went in and out of my front door, and if a woman cannot learn something about a man under those circumstances, then she is no good, that is all I have got to say about her."

I was amused and slightly smiled, but she needed no encouragement to proceed.

"The way he would drop into a brown study over his meat and potatoes was a caution to my mind. A minister that don't eat is—an anomaly," she burst out. "I have boarded them before, and I know they like the good things of life as well as anybody. But Mr. Barrows, latterly at least, never seemed to see what was on the table before him, but ate because his plate of food was there, and had to be disposed of in some way. One day, I remember in particular, I had baked dumplings, for he used to be very fond of them, and would eat two without any urging ; but this day he either did not put enough sauce on them, or else his whole appetite had changed ; for he suddenly looked down at his plate and shuddered, almost as if he were in a chill, and, getting up, was going away, when I summoned up courage to ask if the dumplings were not as good as usual. He turned at the door—I can see him now—and mechanically shaking his head, seemed to be trying to utter some apology. But he presently stopped in that attempt, and, pointing quickly at the table, said, in his accustomed tones : 'You need not make me any more desserts, Mrs. Simpson ; I shall not indulge in them in the future ;' and went out without saying whether he was sick or what. And that was the end of the dumplings, and of many a good thing besides."

"And is that all?" I began ; but she broke in before the words were half out of my mouth.

"But the strangest thing I ever see in him was this : I have not said much about it, for the people that went to his church are a high and mighty lot, and wouldn't bear a word said against his sanity, even by one as had more opportunities than they of knowing him. But you are a stranger in town, and can't have no such foolish touchiness about a person that is nothing to you, so I will just tell you all about it. You see, when he had visitors—and off and on a good many came—I used to seat them in the parlor below, till I was sure he was ready to see them. This had happened one evening, and I had gone up to his door to notify him that a stranger was down-stairs, when I heard such a peculiar noise issuing from his room, that I just stood stock-still on the doormat to listen. It was a swishing sound, followed by a—Miss Sterling," she suddenly broke in, in a half awe-struck, half-frightened tone, "did you ever hear any one whipped? If you have, you will know why I stood shuddering at that door full two minutes before I dared lift my hand and knock. Not that I could believe Mr. Barrows was whipping anybody, but the sound was so like it, and I was so certain, besides, that I had heard something like a smothered cry follow it, that nothing short of the most imperative necessity would have given me the courage to call him, my imagination filling the room with all sorts of frightful

images—images that did not fade away in a hurry," she went on, with a look of shrinking terror about her which I am not sure was not reflected in my own face, "when, after the longest waiting I ever had at his door, he slowly came across the room and opened it, showing me a face as white as a sheet, and a hand that trembled so he dropped the card I gave him and had to pick it up. Had there been a child there—"

"But there wasn't!" I interrupted, shocked and forced to defend him in spite of myself.

"No, nor anybody else. For when he went down-stairs, I looked in and there was no one there, and nothing uncommon about the room, except that I thought his bookcase looked as if it had been moved. And it had; for next day when I swept his room—it did not need sweeping, but one can't wait for ever to satisfy their curiosity—I just looked behind that case, and what do you think I found? A strap—a regular leather strap—just such as—"

"Good God!" I interrupted; "you do not think he had been using it when you went to the door?"

"I do," she said. "I think he had a fit of something like insanity upon him, and had been swinging that strap— Well, I will not say against what, for I do not know, but might it not have been against the fiends and goblins with which crazy people sometimes imagine they are surrounded?"

"Possibly," I acquiesced, though my tone could not have been one of any strong conviction.

"Insane persons sometimes do strange things," she continued; "and that he did not show himself violent before folks is no sign he did not let himself out sometimes when he was alone. The very fact that he restrained himself when he went into the pulpit and visited among his friends, may have made him wilder when he got all by himself. I am sure I remember having heard of a case where a man lived for ten years in a town without a single neighbor suspecting him of insanity; yet his wife suffered constantly from his freaks, and finally fell a victim to his violence."

"But Mr. Barrows was such a brilliant man," I objected. "His sermons up to the last were models of eloquence."

"Oh, he could preach," she assented. Seeing she was not to be moved in her convictions, I ventured upon a few questions.

"Have you ever thought," I asked, "what it was that created such a change in him? You say you noticed it for a month before his death; could anything have happened to disturb him at that time?"

"Not that I know of," she answered, with great readiness. "I was away for a week in August, and it was when I first came back that I observed how different he was from what he had been before. I thought at first it was the hot weather, but heat don't make one restless and unfit to sit quiet in one's chair. Nor does it drive a man to work as if the very evil one was in him, keeping the light burning sometimes till two in the morning, while he wrote and walked and walked and wrote till I thought my head would burst with sympathy for him."

"He was finishing a book, was he not? I think I have heard he left a completed manuscript behind him."

"Yes; and don't you think it very singular that the last word should have been written and the whole parcel done up and sent away to his publisher two days before his death, if he did not know what was going to happen to him?"

"And was it?" I inquired.

"Yes, it was; for I was in the room when he signed his name to it, and heard his sigh of relief, and saw him, too, when, a little while afterwards, he took the bundle out to the post-office. I remember thinking, 'Well, now for some rest nights!' little imagining what rest was in store for him, poor soul!"

"Did you know that Mr. Barrows was engaged?" I suddenly asked, unable to restrain my impatience any longer.

"No, I did not," she rather sharply replied, as if her lack of knowledge on that subject had been rather a sore point with her. "I may have suspected there was some one he was interested in, but I am sure nobody ever imagined her as being the one. Poor girl, she must have thought a heap of him to die in that way."

She looked at me as she said this, anticipating, perhaps, a return of the confidences she had made me. But I could not talk of Ada to her, and after a moment of silent waiting she went eagerly on.

"Perhaps a lover's quarrel lay at the bottom of the whole matter," she suggested. "Miss Reynolds was a sweet girl and loved him very devotedly, of course; but they might have had a tiff for all that, and in a nature as sensitive as his, the least thing will sometimes unhinge the mind."

But I could only shake my head at this; the supposition was at once too painful and absurd.

"Well, well," the garrulous woman went on, in no wise abashed, "there are some things that come easy and some things that come hard. Why Mr. Barrows went the way he did is one of the hard things to understand, but that he did go, and that of his own frenzied will, I am as sure as that two and two make four, and four from four leaves nothing."

I thought of all the others who secretly or openly expressed the same opinion, and felt my heart grow lighter. Then I thought of Zara Colwell, and then—

"Just what time was it," I asked, "when you were away in August? Was it before the seventh or after?" I inquired, because—

But evidently she did not care why I inquired.

"It was during that week," she broke in. "I remember because it was on the sixteenth that Mr. Pollard died, and I was not here to attend the funeral. I came back—"

But it was no matter to me now when she came

back. She had not been at home the night when Mr. Barrows was beguiled into his first visit to the mill, and she had mentioned a name I had long been eager to have introduced into the conversation.

"You knew Mr. Pollard?" I therefore interposed without ceremony. "He was a very rich man, was he not?"

"Yes," she assented. "I suppose the children will have the whole property, now that the old lady is gone. I hope Mr. Harrington will be satisfied. He just married that girl for her money. That, I am sure, you will hear everybody say."

"Yet she is exceedingly pretty," I suggested.

"Oh, yes, too pretty; she makes one think of a wax doll. But these English lords don't care for beauty without there is a deal of hard cash to back it, and if Lydia Pollard had been as poor as—what other beauty have we in town?"

"There is a girl called Zara Colwell," I ventured.

"Zara Colwell! Do you call her a beauty? I know some folks think she is—well, then, let us say as Zara Colwell, he would have made her any proposal sooner than that of his hand."

"And is Mr. Harrington a lord?" I asked, feeling that I was lighting upon some very strange truths.

"He is the next heir to one. A nephew, I believe, or else a cousin. I cannot keep track of all those fine distinctions in people I never saw."

"They were married privately, and right after Mr. Pollard's death, I have heard."

"Yes, and for no other earthly reason that one ever heard of than to have it settled and done; for Mr. Harrington did not take away his wife from the country; nor does he intend to as far as I can learn. Everybody thought it a very strange proceeding, and none too respectful to Mr. Pollard's memory either."

I thought of all I had heard and seen in that house, and wondered.

"Mr. Pollard was such a nice man, too," she pursued, in a musing tone. "Not a commanding person, like his wife, but so good and kind and attentive to poor folks like me. I never liked a man more than I did Mr. Pollard, and I have always thought that if he had had a different kind of mother for his children— But what is the use of criticising the poor woman now. She is dead and so is he, and the children will do very well now with all that money to back them in any caprice they may have."

"You seem to know them well," I remarked, fearful she would observe the emotion I could not quite keep out of my face.

"No," she returned, with an assumption of grimness, which was evidently meant for sarcasm, "not well. Every one knows the Pollards, but I never heard any one say they knew them well."

"Didn't Mr. Barrows?" I tremblingly inquired, anxious for her reply, yet fearful of connecting those two names.

"Not that I ever saw," she returned, showing no special interest in the question, or in the fact that it was seemingly of some importance to me.

"Didn't they use to come here to see him?" I proceeded, emboldened by her evident lack of perspicacity. "None of them?" I added, seeing her about to shake her head.

"Oh, Dwight or Guy would come here if they had any business with him," she allowed. "But that isn't intimacy; the Pollards are intimate with nobody."

She seemed to be rather proud of it, and as I did not see my way just then to acquire any further information, I sank with a weary air into a chair, turning the conversation as I did so upon other and totally irrelevant topics. But no topic was of much interest to her, that did not in some way involve Mr. Barrows; and after a few minutes of desultory chat, she pleaded the excuse of business and hurriedly left the room.

(To be continued.)

TOBOGGANING IN NEW JERSEY.

TOBOGGANING is the refinement of coasting. It has all the exhilaration and dash of the old-fashioned "sliding down hill," with some of its dangers and drawbacks eliminated. Wintery Canada has hitherto held a monopoly of the sport, there having been, until the present season, only two toboggan slides south of the frontier line—one in Saratoga, and one somewhere in Vermont. Recently, however, tobogganing has been added to the outdoor pastimes of Essex County, N. J., which is already famous for its Hunt.

At the beginning of the present Winter season, the enterprising young men of the Orange towns and mountain organized a Toboggan Club of some two hundred members, representing most of the wealthy families of that vicinity. A slide 1,004 feet in length, floored with spruce boards laid lengthwise, was built on the mountain-side, on the old Pierson property, its terminus being opposite the building formerly known as Captain Powell's Hotel, in the valley. A cozy little cottage has been fitted up as the "Essex County Toboggan Club House." The track is an undulating one, but with a descent sufficiently rapid to enable a toboggan, under favorable conditions, to go over the entire course in fifteen seconds. A rate of twenty-five miles an hour is considered mere sloth's progress. The track averages four feet in width, and is guarded by eighteen-inch side-guides flanking outward. At the top is a platform, from which the toboggans, carrying from two to half a dozen persons each, are started. The steerer sits on an elevated seat in the rear, using one or both feet as a rudder. The breathless descent reminds one, somewhat, of the roller-slides at Coney Island, though the comparison scarcely does justice to the sensation given by the fleet ice-coaster.

The costume adopted by the Club adds greatly to the picturesque quality of the gay groups who congregate daily at the slide since the recent long-awaited snow made it practicable. The ladies wear blanket costumes in gay colors, with fur caps and "clouds" on the head and moccasins on the feet. The gentlemen wear the club colors, red and blue, made up jauntily in warm woolen stuff, and crowned with the customary toque, or hood-cap. The toboggans are of the familiar type, composed of thin, smooth strips of wood two feet wide and

six or eight feet long, curled up in front, and well padded with furs inside. In the evening, when lit up by the glow of torches and bonfires, and the paler rays of moon and stars, and peopled with a gay throng of revelers, the new slide presents a spectacle as enchanting as it is novel to the wooded heights of Orange.

QUEER BOOKS IN A GERMAN LIBRARY.

ONE of the most curiously original collection of books in any library is said to be a botanical collection at Warsenstein, in Germany. At first sight the volumes appear like rough blocks of wood; but on closer examination it is found that each is a complete history of the particular tree which it represents. At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space large enough to admit the scientific and the common name of the tree as a title. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, and the other the finely polished wood. On opening the book one finds the fruit, seeds, leaves and other products of the tree, the moss which usually grows upon the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the various parts of the tree. To all this is added a well-printed description of the habits, usual location and manner of growth of the tree.

JOSS IN NEW YORK.

ALL the Chinamen closed their laundries early the other evening, and went to Mott Street, to help to move to a new temple the sacred god Joss, who conquered the heathen of the North and brought the Provinces of the Celestial Empire under a central government. The first temple to Joss in this city was opened about two years ago at No. 16 Mott Street. Forthwith there followed an era of prosperity in the Chinese quarter that was attributed to the influence of Joss, and in gratitude to him the merchants decided to establish a temple and altar worthy of his prestige and power. Two thousand dollars was recently subscribed for the erection of a new temple at No. 202 Chatham Street, and to purchase genuine Chinese furniture and decorations. Leon Zoo, ex-priest of the Taoists, a sect dating back 3,000 years B.C., was made temporary priest. Chinese painters and carpenters had been hard at work erecting and embellishing a resting-place for the sacred Joss.

All was in readiness to move him. At twelve o'clock the Chinese Consul, accompanied by Le Fon Gwing, chairman of the Chinese Municipality, and fifty merchants in silken robes, entered the old temple. The air was fragrant with burning incense and sandalwood. Flaming red candles illuminated the scene. Bending low, priest and people asked of Joss his gracious permission to move him to his new temple. Joss-sticks were ignited and rice wines spilled to invigorate the god for his short journey. The following prayer was chanted:

"O merciful great Joss! We thy servants have humbly this day prepared a new sanctuary, where thou and thine may eat and drink in peace, and where thy presence will be unopposed by the language of wicked foreigners."

Thereupon six musicians burst into unique and soul-harrowing Chinese music. Two rich merchants raised the Joss, and a procession of the faithful, led by the consul, moved down the stairs into the street. Following the elevated Joss came fifty solemn Chinamen in silk gowns, and after them an indiscriminate crowd of enthusiasts bearing lanterns, candles, flowers, roasted pig and chicken, and Oriental candies. When the procession arrived at its destination, Yuet Sing, Kwong Hing, and the other wearers of the silken gowns, filed into the new temple and knelt before the throne of Joss. The god was then borne in, and Le Fon Gwing addressed him in these words:

"Welcome, thou mighty influence, representing all that is good, to thy new mansion, a small token of thy humble servants' loyalty."

The assembly here bowed low with murmured prayers before the gorgeous temple, which was decorated with flags and lanterns of satin and silk, festoons of flowers and gold-leaf, and dragon-entwined letters of worship. Joss-sticks of sandalwood and rich perfumes shed a religious light. Long mirrors, the gift of Thomas Lee (deputy sheriff), ornamented the walls. When the invocations to Joss ceased the company arose and feasted royally in his honor. The central dish was a roast pig weighing 170 pounds, with its head and body profusely decorated. Around it were set all kinds of Chinese sweetmeats and fruits. The priest at the altar chanted the song of Yu Hu Cean, and the pious revelry continued until dawn.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

It is proposed in France to tax all foreign residents in that republic eighteen francs per annum.

Less than one-third of the earth and *debris* that cover the ruins of Pompeii has thus far been removed.

It is said that the Carlists have decided to abandon for the present their preparations for a rising in Spain.

By the aid of a recent French invention, divers are now enabled to descend 800 feet below the surface of the water.

There are now on exhibition at the National Museum at Washington more than five hundred varieties of the foods used by the Indian races.

INHABITANTS of the Philippine Islands have subscribed \$400,000 to buy torpedo-boats with which to prevent the occupation of those islands by a foreign power. Most of the donations came from the religious Orders.

THE great steel manufacturer, Marshall, of Sheffield, in England, is about to remove his entire works to America. The firm employ 3,000 men. Some scores of the most skilled will be brought over, and the rest will be hired here.

THE police measures for the suppression of Socialists in Germany are becoming severe. Domiciliary visits, the suppression of journals, and the expulsion of suspected persons, at the present time approach the numbers of such actions resorted to by the Government during the Socialistic scare of 1878.

THE Spirits Monopoly Bill has been approved by the Emperor of Germany. Under it the traffic will be controlled by a monopoly Ministry, which will appoint agents to do the wholesale vending of the refined spirits, the Federal States appointing the retailers. Communes will be empowered to add 50 per cent. to the monopoly selling price. The Bill, if passed by the Bundesrath, will go into operation in August, 1886.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. PASTEUR has received a gift of \$8,000 to help on his researches.

THE Emperor William last week opened the Prussian Diet in person.

THE historian Bancroft is one of the two surviving Americans who personally knew Goethe.

MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW has been elected President of the Union League Club of New York.

UNITED STATES SENATOR GORMAN of Maryland has been re-elected for the full term of six years.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Nationalist member of Parliament, has severed his connection with the London Daily News.

WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT aspires to possess the largest steam-yacht in the world, and contemplates having one built shortly.

PRINCE FISMARCK is the first Protestant that has received the decoration of the Order of Christ. The badge is worth \$3,000.

SENATOR EVARTS had a family reunion recently, at which nine grandchildren tried to ride on his knees to "Banbury Cross" all at once.

THE Toronto Week contradicts a current rumor to the effect that Mr. Goldwin Smith is selling his house and is about to sever his connection with that publication.

SENATOR SHERMAN visited Columbus, Ohio, last week, for the purpose of meeting and thanking the Legislature for re-electing him to the Senatorial office. During his absence Mr. Hawley presided over the Senate.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY celebrated his re-election by giving the boys in the French national schools a holiday, and the Conservative papers charge him with trying to "make himself solid" with the rising generation of voters, with a view to getting a third term!

THE Folkething of Denmark has re-elected M. Berg Vice-president of that body, despite the fact that the Supreme Court confirmed a sentence passed upon him of six months' imprisonment for forcing the Chief of Police from the platform at a political meeting.

M. SKATCHEP, the well-known Nihilist and the first editor of the Nihilist paper, the *Tocsin*, died recently at the Asylum of St. Anne, near Paris. He was a mental wreck at the time of his death, as a result of the frightful sufferings he endured in making his famous escape from Siberia.

SENATOR PALMER of Michigan sometimes startles the curious in the streets of Washington by wearing "a live toy terrier, in the front of his buttoned-up overcoat, for a breastpin." The terrier thrusts its cold, black nose from the cozy place in which it snuggles and sniffs patronizingly at the world.

ADOLPH SCHULTZ is the first organizer of musical societies in Philadelphia. He is now in his ninetieth year, having been born December 1st, 1796, at Dusseldorf, Germany. He was a soldier in Blücher's army, and fought at Waterloo. He was a resident of the United States in 1826, and a citizen in 1833.

REPRESENTATIVE CURTIN of Pennsylvania has declined the chairmanship of the House Committee on Banking and Currency. He was deprived of the chairmanship of the Foreign Affairs Committee in order to make a place for Perry Belmont, and regards the indignity as too great to be passed unnoticed.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is to handle the gavel at the next annual meeting of the Veterans of the Army of the Cumberland. In view of that fact, General J. D. Wilder has sent to General Sheridan a curious memento of the war in the Chattanooga region—a mallet made of wood cut from the crest of Mission Ridge, and from the spot on Chickamauga field where General Lytle fell. In the centre of the mallet is a rifle-bullet, round which the wood has grown.

THREE United States Senators have only three legs between them—one apiece. They are Butler and Hampton of South Carolina, and Berry of Arkansas. Butler lost his right leg at the battle of Brandy Station, on the 9th of June, 1863. Berry lost his at the battle of Corinth, Miss., October 4th, 1862. Hampton, after riding gallantly through the war without serious injury, lost his by a fall from his horse. He has to walk with a cane, and Berry has to have two canes. But Butler carries his artificial leg so gracefully that one would never know, if you were not told, that it was not real.

ONE of the deepest mourners at the bier of Alfonso was "Ugly," the lamented monarch's pet Skye terrier. "The poor animal," says a London *Daily News* writer, "howled to be allowed to go with him to El Pardo, but was not allowed. She got there notwithstanding—how nobody knows. When the King was dead she was found lying under his bed in a state of the deepest depression. 'Ugly' certainly knew that she had lost her royal master. Ever since that loss she has been altogether off her feed, and to prevent her dying from inanition, milk and soup are to be forced down her throat."

ARTHUR WALLACE, who is now the stage-manager of his father's theatre, is growing to be the very image of the distinguished actor and manager whose place he is taking in the theatre they jointly control. Since his recovery from the serious illness of a year ago, Lester Wallace, in spite of the fact that he allows his hair to appear its natural gray, is a very youthful and handsome man. It is not generally known that Lester Wallace was gray at twenty-one. He wore black wigs when playing youthful parts as Mr. Lester. Wigs in those days were made very heavy, and too copious perspiration destroyed his hair; consequently he had to resort to dying his natural locks.

POLITICAL courtesy has not yet gone out of fashion. In his inaugural address, last week, Governor Foraker of Ohio paid this graceful tribute to his predecessor: "Governor Hoadly, always kind and generous, was never more so than he has been to his successor. It would be a pleasure to thank him for this under any circumstances, but it is especially so when it is recalled that notwithstanding we have opposed each other in two heated political contests, not a single unkind or offensive word has yet been uttered by either of the other. The friendship of years seems to have been made only the stronger by the tests to which it has been subjected, and no one more earnestly than I entertain the hope that there are in store for my distinguished predecessor many years of life, health and happiness, to be spent in wider fields of usefulness and honor than any he has heretofore occupied."



DR. JOHN HERMAN ZUKERTORT.
PHOTO. BY FALE.

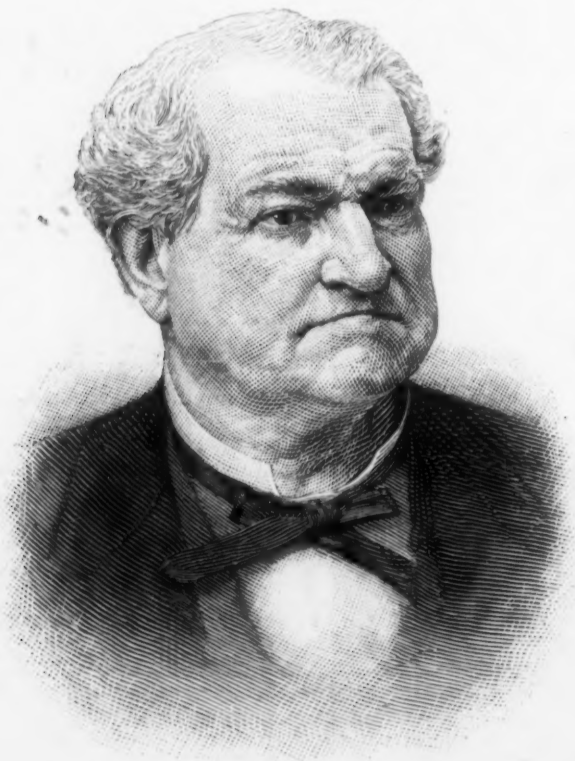


WILLIAM STEINITZ.
PHOTO. BY RICHARDSON BROTHERS, OF BROOKLYN, E. D.

THE MATCH FOR THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.—SEE PAGE 375.

THE COTTON KING OF THE WORLD.

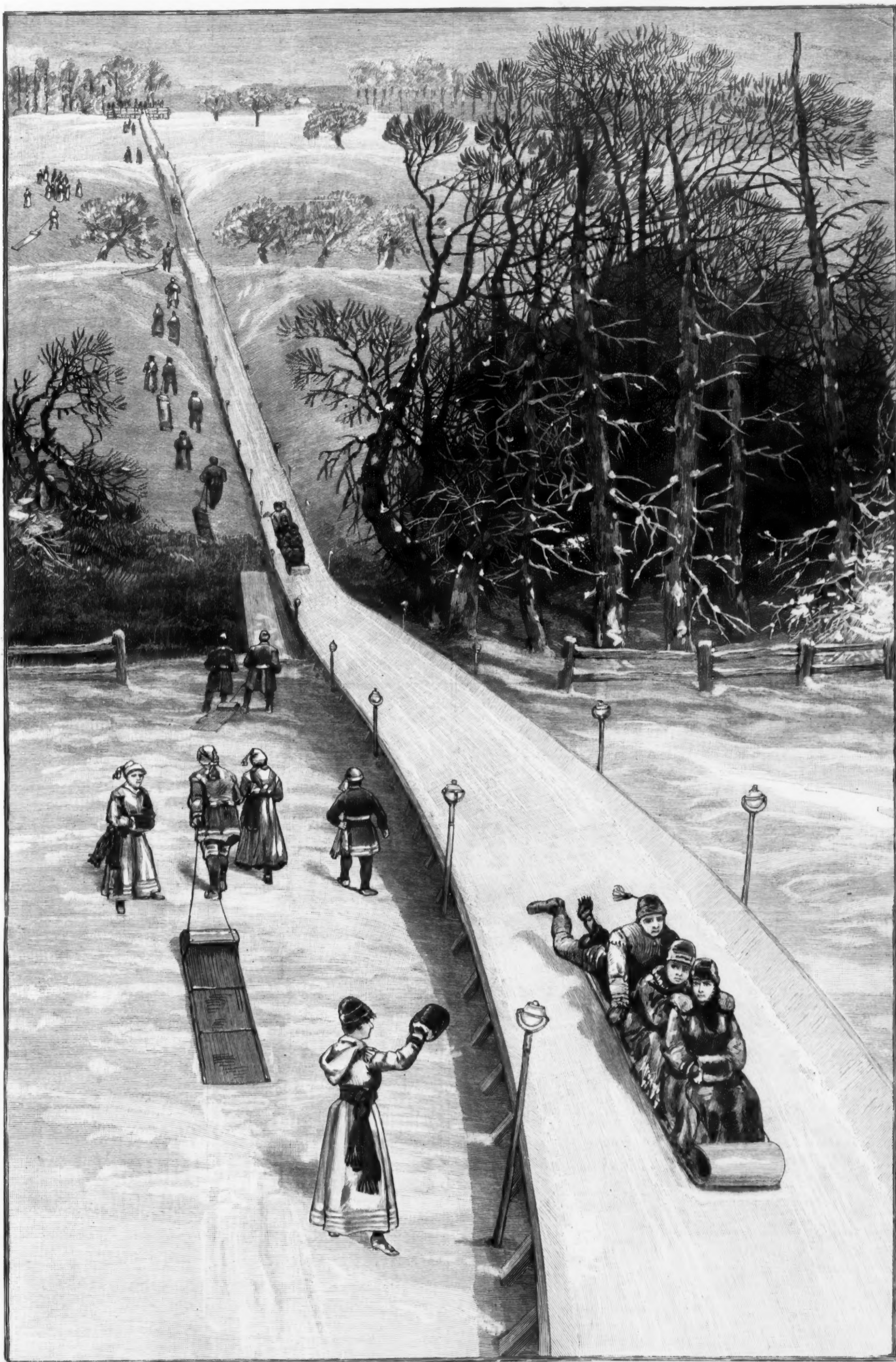
WE give on this page a portrait of the late Colonel Edmund Richardson, known as the Cotton King of the World, who died suddenly at Jackson, Miss., on the 11th instant. Colonel Richardson was born in Caswell County, North Carolina, six miles from Danville, Va., then only a village, on June 28th, 1818. His father, James Richardson, was a country merchant and planter, and died in 1826, leaving a widow and seven children. When about ten years of age young Richardson was sent to what was then called an "old field school." Three years later he found employment in a store at Danville, but at the age of sixteen, aspiring to a larger sphere, he struck out for himself in the South, settling at Jackson, Miss. Here, after a time, he became interested in several cotton plantations, and gradually embarked in all lines of the cotton industry—growing it, shipping it, handling it, and manufacturing the staple into cloth and the seed into oil. At the outbreak of the civil war he was considered a millionaire. At its close he was a bankrupt, but he had not lost the indomitable energy which had enabled him to achieve his previous successes, and he at once set about repairing the wastes which the war had entailed upon him. So great was his success, that before his death he had built up a fortune of from \$8,000,000 to \$12,000,000. He was the owner and manager of forty cotton plantations in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Mississippi, marketing an average of 15,000 bales annually. He had, besides, over \$1,000,000 invested in business in



LOUISIANA.—THE LATE COLONEL EDMUND RICHARDSON, COTTON KING OF THE WORLD.
FROM A PHOTO. BY WASHBURN.



OHIO.—BRONZE STATUE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD, ABOUT TO BE ERECTED IN GARFIELD PLACE, CINCINNATI.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 374.



NEW JERSEY.—WINTER'S CARNIVAL ON ORANGE MOUNTAIN—THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE OF THE ESSEX CLUB.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 379.

New Orleans in the cotton house of Richardson & May, and was the owner of the Wesson Mills, the largest cotton factory in the Southwest. He was also interested in many other enterprises, such as factories and steamboats. His annual income exceeded \$1,000,000. He was a man of business habits throughout his life, and his private operations were so vast that they left him no time for political ambition. He never sought or held any public office, and although he was a large stockholder in banks and other fiscal institutions, he never desired, or felt that he could spare the time, to take control of any of them. In 1883, however, when the corporation of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition at New Orleans was organized, Colonel Richardson consented to take the first place in its board of management, and he subscribed \$25,000 to promote its success.

In person Colonel Richardson was of commanding presence, over six feet in height, and stout in proportion. In his domestic life he was fortunate and happy, and he leaves behind him a widow, four sons and a daughter.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The New Mexico Government is enlisting Texas rangers to fight the Apaches.

The Marquis de Casa Laiglesia has been appointed Spanish Minister to Washington.

Mr. John Kelly was last week alarmingly ill, and his early death is regarded as probable.

Silver dollars were quoted, last week, at 79.30. The Congressional "boom" does not seem to have added to their value.

The Attorney-General of Kansas has begun proceedings to oust the Leavenworth officials for complicity with the liquor-dealers.

It is stated that one of the House Committees which has jurisdiction of private claims received eleven large sacks full of Bills and accompanying papers before the first call of States was concluded at the present session.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors has resolved to limit the appropriation for improving rivers and harbors to \$11,000,000. But it is thought that the Senate will increase the amount by several millions.

The cigar-manufacturers of New York city, with a view of compelling their recalcitrant workmen to accept a reduction of wages, have ordered a lock-out in all their factories, throwing some 10,000 persons out of employment.

FOREIGN.

A general feeling seems to exist in Ireland that if the Government insists on carrying out coercive measures the "Moonlighters" will be set at work again.

John Magee, who pleaded guilty to attempting to procure money from the Prince of Wales by threatening letters, has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Farmers in Wales are demanding a permanent reduction of twenty-five per cent. in rents, fixity of tenure, and compensation for making improvements on their holdings.

M. de Lesseps will remain a fortnight at Panama. He declares that his task there is a far easier one than was the construction of the Suez Canal. He says that the Panama Canal will be completed by the end of 1888.

A CALIFORNIA OSTRICH FARM.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Tribune thus describes a California ostrich farm: "The first object of interest is a rather large corral containing a flock of sixteen-month old birds. They stand about six feet high, and are quite timid. These birds were plucked three months ago, and their plumage is abundant and glossy already. My guide told me that only seven months' time was necessary for the new plumage to mature in, and that these 'chicks' produced feathers at their last plucking over two feet long, which beats the record in Africa. Next come the pens where the adult birds are kept. Each pair is allowed a space of about twenty by forty feet. The females are of a speckled brownish color, and have a homely, domestic appearance. The males, on the contrary, are a brilliant, glossy black, with one row of superb white feathers fringing each wing and the tail. They are rakish, gallant-looking fellows, and can comfortably stretch their necks over the eight-foot fence which forms the rear of their pens. A barrier in front of the pens keeps visitors at a safe distance from them, as these older birds are always dangerous. The superintendent told me that he knew of several men being killed and three horses disemboweled by them. Their feet are armed each with two toes, one of which is very long, and has at its extremity an immense claw. Their mode of attack is always by kicking, and as they are known to be able to maintain for a long time a gait faster than that of any race-horse, the muscular power of their legs can be imagined. One of the keepers, to show me their ferocity, approached quite near one of the pens. Both birds immediately assumed all the appearance of intense rage. Each plume was erect, the wings were half extended, and their eyes flashed, but there was not a symptom of fear about them.

"I asked how the picking of these big ones was managed.

"Well, we catch their necks in a forked stick, draw a leather stocking over their heads, and four or five of us grab them. But it's no fun, I can tell you, for one square kick would send a fellow to kingdom come too quick."

"Strange to say, they make no attempt to jump over the fence, but, when very much excited or enraged, will brush away a strong board fence with their breasts of bones, like so much paper. The only use they make of their alleged wings is to steer themselves around a corner or sharp curve, during which operation they look much like a sail-boat when it 'luffs'."

"Up to recently patent incubators were used, but so unsatisfactory were they that the birds are now permitted to increase and multiply in the orthodox manner. Each pair is expected to hatch three broods a year, the hens averaging fifteen eggs at a setting, but sometimes running up to as many as thirty. About six weeks is the period of incubation. I saw some 'chicks' only a week or so old, which were as large as prize turkeys; the parents were most affectionate and solicitous in the care of the little ones, and regarded us, even far off as we were, with evident disapprobation.

"The expense of keeping these huge creatures is comparatively small, each bird getting a daily ration of fifty pounds of cut alfalfa, a little corn, and

unlimited pebbles. An artesian well supplies them with pure water, and they appear to have made themselves at home, and apparently have come to California to stay. I could obtain little information as to the profit of the undertaking. I have met one of the stockholders, and from him I could get no figures or statement beyond the fact that the company has purchased another ranch of 300 acres in Los Feliz Rancho, and will soon send Dr. Sketcheby to the Cape for a supply of birds to stock it with, which certainly appears as if the prospect must be satisfactory. The outlay of capital must be considerable in the first place, as since the first lot was exported the Cape Government has imposed an export duty of \$500 per bird. Add to this the prime cost, which varies from \$100 up to the thousands, and the freight from the Cape to New Orleans and thence to Los Angeles, and the average cost per pair, at a low calculation, must be put at from \$1,500 to \$2,000. In Africa the profit must be very large. Dr. Sketcheby cited one instance where a trio of birds yielded in one year a revenue of over \$30,000, in offspring and feathers; and there seems to be no reason why the business should not be even more remunerative in California, for domestic producers have the benefit of a 35 per cent. ad valorem tariff.

SWEET CICELY.

The story of "Sweet Cicely," just published by Funk & Wagnalls, is at once quaint, funny and pathetic. It deals chiefly with the experiences and adventures of Josiah Allen, a local politician, related by "Josiah Allen's Wife," Marietta Holley, in the dialect of Jonesville. It is also, incidentally, a temperance tale. "Sweet Cicely" is the niece of Josiah, and with her boy Paul, both brightens and saddens the pages of the book. There are numerous illustrations; while as regards printing and binding, the volume is a thing of beauty.

THE MANHATTAN LIFE.

The Thirty-sixth Annual Statement of the MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, which we publish this morning, reminds one of the thrifty Yankee in whose town "people got rich by minding their own business." Without engaging in expensive discussions of methods of insurance, or playing with new experiments, the Manhattan keeps steadily on the even tenor of its way, and closes the year with a handsome increase during 1885 in its net assets, and a general tone of strength and healthy vigor in all its departments. Among insurance companies and experts, the financial strength of the Manhattan has become so generally recognized, that it stands in this respect as an admitted example for all the others, and in a position of undisputed pre-eminence. Patrons of the Manhattan, old and new, have never had cause for a moment's doubt as to whether they were insured in fact as well as in name; the record transactions and statements of the Company have uniformly told the same tale, and figures, which never lie, have demonstrated the conclusion and the wisdom of the policy by which it has been secured.

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Oh, the wisdom of the innocent babe! When his mother begins to sing, he goes to sleep as soon as possible.

SALVATION OIL, the greatest cure on earth for pain, may be relied on to effect a cure wherever an external application can be used. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

The girl of the period now carries her hands in her overcoat-pocket, just like a man—partly because it is English, and partly, doubtless, because there are holes in her gloves.

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address DR. STARK & PALEN, 1329 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

A LIMIT TO PATIENCE.—Waitress to Dr. Pullen, the dentist, who is greatly annoyed by her constant use of his title in addressing him: "Tomatoes, doctor?" Dr. Pullen: "Thanks, no." Waitress: "Corn, doctor?" Doctor: "No! Dentist!"

IN 1850

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. Sold only in boxes. 25 cts.

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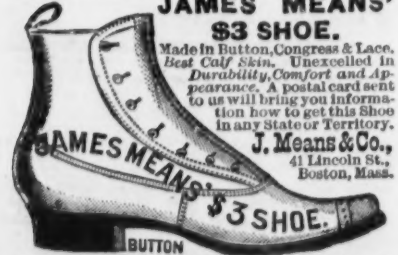
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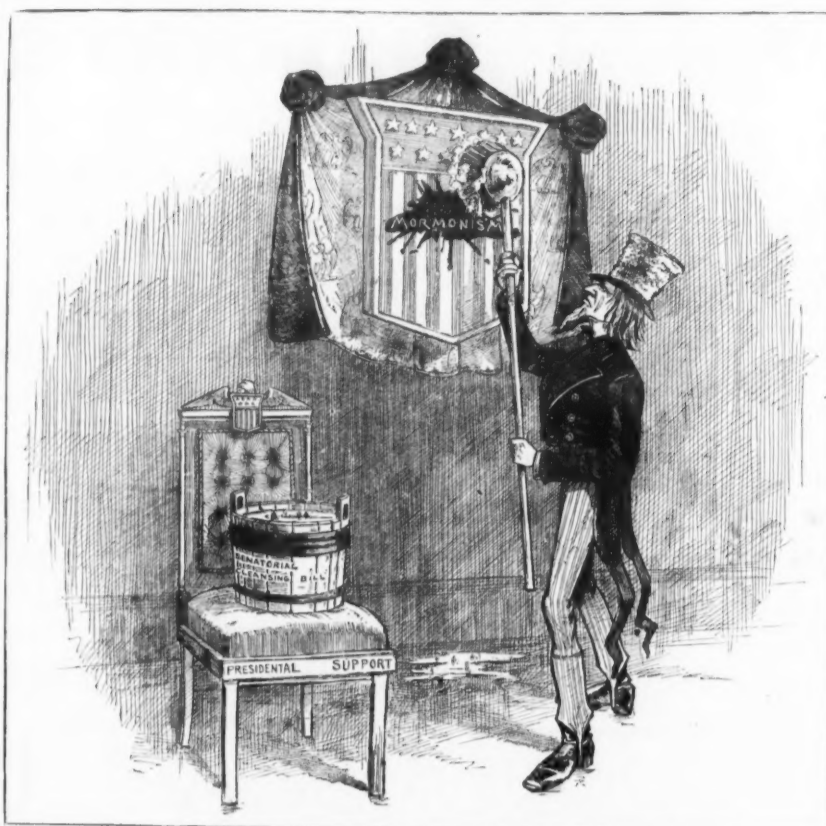
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Secretary, H. Y. WEMPLE.

Actuary, S. N. STEBBINS.

GROWTH OF THE COMPANY.

Net Assets, December 31st, 1884	\$10,595,547.89
Income accounts, year 1885	2,050,371.80
Total	\$12,645,919.69

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid claims by death, matured endowments, and payment of annuities	\$790,827.61
Paid dividends	\$71,350.06
Paid purchased policies	155,551.07
Paid salaries, office, agency, real estate, commissions, taxes, medical department, advertising and other expenses	272,363.90
Balance	\$11,155,827.04

LIST OF ASSETS.

Cash on hand	\$3,297.99
Cash in bank and Trust Company	153,116.14
Bonds and mortgages	3,146,494.22
Loans on policies in force	1,137,136.15
United States and N. Y. stocks (market value)	1,854,937.63
Real Estate at cost	890,978.57
Premiums deferred and in course of collection and transmission	150,814.78
Loans on stocks and bonds	3,699,062.50
Interest due and accrued, and all other property	119,989.06
Gross Assets	\$11,155,827.04

Reported claims awaiting proof, etc.	\$184,244.86
Dividends unpaid and other liability	132,693.40
Reserve on existing policies, estimated by New York standard	8,560,138.00
Surplus by above standard, viz., Amer. Ex. 4% per cent.	\$2,278,750.78

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